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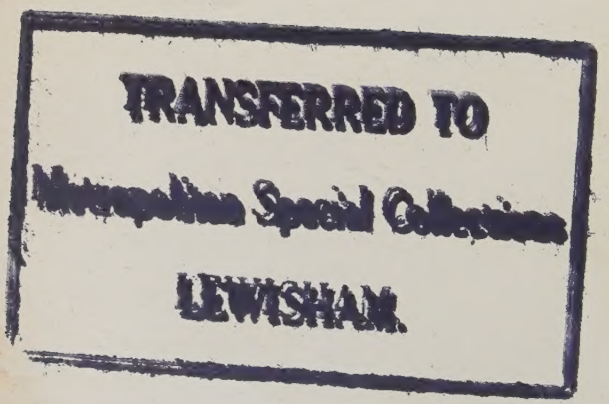

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From King Orry to Queen Victoria.

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JAMES, SEVENTH EARL OF DERBY, CHARLOTTE DE LA TREMOUILLE (HIS COUNTESS), AND LADY AMELIA SOPHIA STANLEY, WHO MARRIED THE DUKE OF ATHOL.

Photo by Richard Brown, Liverpool, from the painting at Knowsley.

[*Frontispiece.*

WITHDRAWN FROM THE
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From King Orry To Queen Victoria.

A SHORT AND CONCISE HISTORY OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

BY

EDWARD CALLOW,

AUTHOR OF 'PHYNODDERREE, AND OTHER LEGENDS OF THE ISLE OF MAN,
'OLD LONDON TAVERNS,' ETC.

LONDON:
ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
1899.

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To

MY GRANDCHILDREN,

OLAF, CHRISTIAN,

EDWARD CECIL,

DOROTHY, FRANCES,

SARA, HELEN,

AND

WINIFRED, FRANCES, ALICE,

I Dedicate this Book.

E. C.

PREFACE

THIS is not a guide-book: such are as plentiful as ambrosial leaves; it is a concise history of the Isle of Man—Constitutional, Political, Ecclesiastical, Legendary, and General—compiled as briefly as possible from the writings of Waldron, Traine, and almost every author who has written voluminously on this subject.

Ancient records have also been consulted, when some years ago I had access to them through the courtesy of the late James Burman, Esq., F.R.A.S., the Secretary to three Lieutenant-Governors of the island. Libraries, public and private, British Museum, Guildhall, and others, have been carefully searched and laid under contribution.

The Earl of Derby not only allowed me to search and avail myself of the contents of his library at Knowsley, but also permitted me to copy documents and to photograph portraits and other pictures of great interest, which I have freely used in the illustrations of this work. To his lordship's librarian, the Rev. John Richardson, M.A., Vicar of Knowsley,

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I am particularly indebted for the kind and valuable assistance I received from him in my labours.

There are in these pages many matters of interest that have not hitherto been placed before the general reading public; and my object has been to place before those readers—who have neither the opportunity, the time, nor the inclination in these busy times to wade through the many ponderous volumes that have been written about the Isle of Man—a short and concise account of Manx laws and Manx history, freed from all the dry-as-dust matters which are only of interest to the antiquary and the student, still retaining the essence of their contents that are really of interest to the general reader, so as to provide the public with a readable, instructive, and entertaining book on this very interesting little country, in which all British readers should feel a special pride and interest; as it is

THE BIRTHPLACE OF CONSTITUTIONAL AND REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT,

and the cradle of England's Parliament and those of her colonies, possessing as Mona does, in the House of Keys, the oldest Legislative Assembly in the world, that has existed uninterruptedly since its foundation by King Orry in 938 A.D., and now, after nearly a thousand years, is still in full force under the triumphant rule of Queen Victoria, Lady of Man.

E. C.

October, 1899.

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From King Orry to Queen Victoria

A

HISTORY OF THE ISLE OF MAN

CHAPTER I.

NAMES OF THE ISLAND—TRADITIONAL AND EARLY HISTORY.

'Oh! it's a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island.'

DIBDIN.

ELLAN-VANNIN; Insula Mona; Isle of Man; Manxland, the central sea-girt pivot of the British Islands, has a history but little known beyond the limits of its own shores. No part of the United Kingdom possesses more interesting and valuable Norse and Danish remains and runic monuments than Mona.

The late Mr. Lemuel Gulliver has handed down to an admiring posterity some wonderful descriptions of some very strange lands and very strange people he met with in the course of his celebrated travels.

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He dilated at considerable length on the peculiarity of their political constitutions, manners, and customs; but it is very questionable if there is anything in Dean Swift's most admirable work—a work, if regarded as a political satire, probably unequalled—marvellous as many of his accounts undoubtedly are, that is really more strange or interesting and amusing than can be found in the nooks and corners of the Isle of Man and its most curious history.

The island is situated in latitude 54° 15′ north, and longitude 4° 30′ west, in the Irish Sea, 27 miles west from St. Bee's Head, near Whitehaven, in Cumberland, 15 miles due south from Burrow Head, Galloway, in Scotland, and 29 miles nearly due east from Strangford, in Ireland. The length from Point of Ayre, at the extreme north of the island, to Spanish Head, at the south of the main island, is 33 miles, and it lies north-north-east to south-south-west. The breadth ranges from 8 to 13 miles, but is much narrower at both the northern and southern extremities. The circumference of the coast line is between 75 and 80 miles, and the area 235 square miles, or 150,400 acres. There are, in addition to the main island, three smaller islets. The Calf of Man, the largest, off Spanish Head—so called from one of the ships of the Great Armada having been wrecked there, after being chased all round the North of Scotland by Sir Francis Drake—on the south, is some 4 or 5 miles in circumference. St. Patrick's Isle, in Peel Bay, upon which Peel Castle was built, is only separated from the mainland by a

narrow channel; and the third and smallest one is situated nearly midway between the main island and the Calf of Man, and is called Kitterland, or Kitter's Island, and by its position tends to make the navigation of the Sound between Spanish Head and the Calf more dangerous than it would be otherwise.*

The population of the island, according to the return for the census of April 4, A.D. 1891, is 55,413, of which number 19,440 are in Douglas; and the number of houses is 10,097. This census, having been taken in the spring of the year, does not, of course, include any of the great numbers of visitors and 'trippers' who go to the island in the summer months in their thousands, far outnumbering the resident population; nor does it take account of the large number of fishermen who at this season of the year are away at sea, engaged on the Scotch and other fishing-grounds.

The Manx tradition is that the name of their country is derived from Mannanan-Beg-Mac-y-Lier,

* An amusing story is told about the Calf of Man and Kitterland. A certain Jarl or Earl, in the olden times of the Norse Vikings, who possessed both these islets, when on his death-bed called his old housekeeper to his bedside and asked her which he should leave her—Kitter's Island or the Calf. The old woman, being of a rather avaricious disposition, turned up her nose at the idea of having a mere calf left to her, and at once chose to have Kitter's Island. After the Jarl's death, when the distribution of his belongings was made, she was greatly chagrined and disappointed, to say nothing of being surprised, to find she had greedily chosen a mere barren rock in the midst of the ever-boisterous channel of the Sound, instead of the Calf, which, far from being a cow's son or daughter, was a habitable island of some seven hundred acres in extent.

who was the first person that ever conquered the whole island and held it under one undivided rule. From his name is derived the native name Manmin-Mead-how-in or Vannin, which was afterwards reduced to Man. The people are called Manx, or Manks, and they term their island home Ellan-Vannin.

Tacitus, the Roman historian, named the island Mona, but Ptolemy, a Greek, who lived about A.D. 140, called it Monæda, or 'Further Mona,' to distinguish it from Anglesea.

The shores of the Isle of Man are mostly composed of bold and precipitous rocks, of mica slate and clay slate, with mighty boulders of granite in some parts, and in the south with limestone. These cliffs in many places rise to several hundred feet, and are indented with most beautiful bays and valleys. Perhaps in no other place in the world does the traveller see so many changes of scenery in so small a space.

A bold ridge of lofty hills or mountains intersects the island from south-west to north-east, nearly throughout its whole length. These hills comprise three chains, separated each from the other by high tablelands, traversed by somewhat narrow openings.

The highest mountain, Snaefell, rises a little over 2,000 feet above the sea-level. North Barrule, the next in altitude, is some 200 feet lower. From the summits of all the mountains the coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales can be seen with the naked eye in clear weather. When the Cumberland Hills are very plainly visible from the east coast of the island, it is a pretty sure sign of rain. Amid the

mountain range several small streams take their rise —the Neb, the Colby, the Lhane, the Black and Gray waters and others—and find their way into the sea at Peel on the west coast, Douglas, Ramsey, and Laxey on the east. From the last two streams, the Dhoo, or Black, and the Glass, or Gray, the town of Douglas derives its name. They unite some little distance from it, and enter the sea at Douglas Harbour. The mouth of the river Lhane is where King Orry landed.

It is not only for its beauties of scenery that this land is interesting, but for its peculiar political constitution, which is in reality the oldest in the civilized world, except, perhaps, the Chinese, of which we know very little—comparatively nothing.

It is an inexhaustible field to the antiquary and the statesman. Man is inhabited by an aboriginal tribe of the great Celtic family, upon which have been grafted the Scandinavians from Norway. The Manx language has, during the present century, almost died out from practical and daily use, and, as it should do, has given place to the English tongue, which bids fair to become in time the predominant speech of the civilized world.

The peculiar laws and institutions of the land still survive, and are likely to do so, as long as the inhabitants continue the course they have pursued ever since the island has been attached altogether to the English Crown, and wisely adopt such reforms as improve and do not destroy their several laws and institutions.

The Isle of Man was never at any time thoroughly and completely united to, or *absorbed* by, either England, Scotland, or Ireland. To this day it is a perfectly distinct realm, independent, to a certain degree, of the British Imperial Parliament, and under its own native Legislature, the House of Keys, and its Tynwald Court, with a most singular relation between its Church and State, having, as Lord Coke says, 'Such laws, the like whereof are not to be found in any other place'; so that, said Lord Chancellor King, 'if the ancient discipline of the Church were lost, it might be found, in all its purity, in the Isle of Man.' Burke once, speaking of this island to Dr. Johnson and his friend Boswell, and alluding to its most interesting laws and customs, jestingly, but very appropriately, quoted the famous line of Pope: 'The proper study of mankind is Man.'

The Isle of Man, or Mona, is the central isle of the British group, connected geographically and geologically with Scotland, ethnologically with Ireland, politically with England, and ecclesiastically with all three. It is said to have been the central fane of Druidism, in the old Celtic period, and it was most certainly the great stronghold of the Vikings and Norsemen—those noted sea-kings of old—long before the Saxons or Danes established a footing in either England or Ireland.

In the Mona's Isle the ancient mariners — those gallant Norsemen (call them pirates, sea-robbers, buccaneers, and filibusters, if you will)—introduced trial by jury, and constituted a representative Parlia-

ment in the House of Keys and Court of Tynwald, years—ages, before either of these two great and free institutions was known in Britain. Indeed, England has learned and copied very much from Mona.

The Manx were the first inhabitants of the British Isles who threw off the great Papal yoke. Single-handed, they cut themselves free from Papacy so early as 1430 A.D., a century before the English Reformation under Henry VIII.

Although the Bishopric of Man is the oldest in the British Islands, the first Bishop being St. Germanicus, who was constituted by St. Patrick in 444 A.D., when that great man landed in Mona on his way to Ireland, the Manx is the only Protestant nation of Europe that has not been excommunicated by one or other of the Popes of Rome; and it consequently holds alike towards Papal and other Protestant kingdoms —the most peculiar position in Christendom.

The Manx claim the institution of what is now the highest order of British chivalry, if indeed it is not the noblest order in the world. Tradition states that a King and Queen of Man instituted the Order of the Garter many years previous to Edward III. doing so in England.

They are also not a little proud of the acknowledged fact that both Sir Robert Peel and Lord Brougham modelled several of their great fiscal and legal reforms after Manx examples.

No doubt the very littleness of Mona has been the cause of its having kept intact; and it is a singular spectacle, in these days, to see an independent

European nation—which Mona really is—without any National Debt; indeed, having a heavy claim against the British Treasury, and a yearly income actually more than its expenditure.

The miniature kingdom of Man, while it has marched in the front rank of European progress, still preserves with Asiatic immobility the old Tynwald Government, older than any of the Thrones or Constitutions of Europe.

The Protestantism of Mona is untainted, and dates from the days of Wycliffe. Her Sabbaths are a pattern—even to Scotland. In every family there is a Bible, and a domestic government; the latter, quite patriarchal in its way, is influenced greatly by the peculiar tenure of its lands—more akin to France than any other country. The relationship between the clergy and laity is most peculiar. Here it is really pastor and flock, without the slightest approach to priestly domination on the one hand, or abject submission and veneration on the other; there is that mutual love and respect subsisting between the clergy and the people that is both a pattern and a wonder. Superstitious the Manx people most certainly are — undeniably and perhaps grievously so—but, curiously enough, they are utterly free from anything of the kind in religious matters. Their religion is as orthodox as their belief in good people and fairies is absurd. The belief in the existence of these fabulous little creatures seems to be inherent in a Manxman's blood, and from the highest to the lowest there are few, if any, who do not, more or less, entertain *just a suspicion of credence in their existence.*

CHAPTER II.

MANNANAN-BEG-MAC-Y-LIER—WELSH KINGS OF MAN.

THE very early history of Mona is derived from tradition, from the fact of most of the ancient archives of the island having been carried away by the Norwegians to Drontheim, where they were destroyed at the burning of the cathedral. The historian's researches are consequently attended with considerable difficulties.

Tradition states that formerly this island was much larger than it is at present, or, rather, that it consisted of a large group of islands, of far greater extent than the one now there; and also that they were much nearer to both the Scottish and Welsh coasts. Polydore Vergil says: 'See what time can do. This Island of Mona is now remote from the land 23 miles, which, in old times, was scarce 1 mile distant from Anglesea, and joined unto Wales.' Again, Holinshed, in his 'Chronicles of Scotland,' quoting Hector Boetius, says: 'Agricola, the Roman general, determined to pursue his good fortune, prepared to subdue the Isle of Man; but

wanting vessels to carry his army over from Scotland, he found means that such as could swim and knew the shallow places of the coast made shift to pass the dividing strait, and so get on to the land, to the great wonderment of the inhabitants.'

Mannanan-Beg-Mac-y-Lier, the first conqueror of Man, from whom the island is reported to have derived its name, is stated to have been the son of a King of Ulster, and a brother of Fergus II. of Scotland; but this is denied by some Scottish historians, who state that Eric, the father of Fergus II., was not an Irish King. Be this so or not, long before this period the Manx assisted the Gallovidians in their resistance to the Romans.

We read of a King of Man, 134 B.C.—Firman, son of Josuia—who appears to have been a great friend of the Druids, and to have been the first to turn his attention to constitutional legislation, for he is recorded to have ordained that the King should make no great or important determination without the consent of his people. For some centuries the Isle of Man seems to have been a refuge for political exiles from the neighbouring shores, during which period of its history truth, fiction, tradition, and even fairy tales are so mixed up together that it is next to impossible to unravel a clear thread.

All accounts, however, agree in stating the Manx to have been a most indomitable and warlike race.

In A.D. 34, when the Picts rose against the Roman general Cestorius Scapula, in Galloway, the Manxmen made such fearful havoc in the Roman ranks

that one of the articles in the treaty afterwards concluded between Casius Nasica and Corbried stipulated that neither Picts nor Scots from henceforth should receive or succour, by any manner of means, the inhabitants of the Isle of Man, who had done many notable displeasures to the Romans during the last war.

There are no certain accounts that the island was ever subjugated by the Romans, although many Roman remains have been found. There is still preserved at Castletown the remains of a Roman altar, which appears by the inscription to have been dedicated to Jupiter by Marcus Flavius Volinius, of the Augustinian Legion, Prefect of the Tringian cohort of the province of Narbonne.

In 517 A.D. the island became subject to the kings and princes of Anglesea and North Wales, Maelgwyn, son of Caswallon-Lau-Lier, being the first Welsh King of Man. The Welsh line of kings—gentlemen with names that no one but a Welshman can pronounce—closed their sway in Man in 913 A.D., on the death of Anarawn-ap-Roderic, who, together with Barred-O-Rivan and Ryswald-Mac-Ivor, was slain in a great sea-fight with a numerous fleet of Danish Norsemen.

For many years the Norsemen had been contesting the sovereignty of Man, even prior to 857 A.D., when they landed in large numbers, under Regnar Lodbrog (one of the most noted of the Vikings who roamed the Western waters), and seized a large portion of the northern side of the island.

CHAPTER III.

CONQUEST OF MAN BY KING ORRY—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE HOUSE OF KEYS—KING HACON, THE FIRST BRITISH ADMIRAL.

THE first Norse King of Man, of whom the Manx are so justly proud—King Gorree, or Orry—did not land there till 938 A.D., when he arrived, after having conquered the Southern or Soderen Isles, with a fleet of strong ships worthy of being under the command of such a leader.

It is reported by oral tradition that on King Orry's landing at the mouth of the river Lhane he was met on the shore by a deputation of the inhabitants, and on being asked whence he came, 'That is the way to my country,' he replied, pointing upwards to the Milky Way. To this day the great celestial phenomenon is called in the native Manx 'Raod-Movarree-Gorree'—the Great Road of King Orry.

In a manuscript of unknown antiquity, now preserved in Castle Rushen, at Castletown, occurs the following passage: 'And there came a son of the King of Denmark, who conquered the land, and was the first that was called King Orry; and after him

succeeded twelve of that stock of Kings.' Gorree, or Orry, seems to have been a corruption of Godfrey.

This King Orry it was who instituted the first constitutional representative Parliament the world ever saw. The representatives were called 'Taxiaxi,' and subsequently 'Keys.'

He was the first King who reduced the laws to writing, and he also divided the island into six divisions or sheadings that now exist. Each sheading sent its representatives to Parliament—a Court held at Tynwald Hill. The sheadings were subdivided into districts, sixteen in all, each of which sent to the Keys its own member. These districts are now represented by the several parishes. But in Bishop Wilson's time, Kirk Patrick, a seventeenth, was formed. The Isle of Man sent sixteen, and the Southern or Soderen Isles eight, representatives to Tynwald.

These Southern or Soderen Isles, now comprehended in the word Sodor, consisted of Colonsay, Oransway, Jura, Islay, Arran, and Bute, the two Cambi Islets, and the peninsula of Cantyre. In all, twenty-four representatives constituted King Orry's House of Keys, a body that has remained in power ever since, and whose constitution will be more fully explained hereafter.

Thus to the Isle of Man belongs the proud distinction of having both the first and the oldest representative Parliament in the world.

King Orry's House of Keys was the precursor of the Imperial Parliament of the British Empire,

and the cradle of constitutional and representative government.

The Tynwald Hill, where the Manx Parliament met, and where once in the year, on July 6, old Midsummer Day, it still continues to meet, is a circular hill, artificially made, and situated near the centre of the island. In appearance it resembles four cheeses or gigantic round flat cakes piled one on the other, each one smaller than the one under it, with a tall flagstaff on the top. A curious speciality is that it was originally constructed of earth taken from every division or parish in the island, so that virtually each representative could stand on the soil of the district he was member for.

King Orry died 947 A.D., close on 120 years before William the Conqueror's invasion of England. He was succeeded by his son Guthred, who commenced building the Castle of Rushen, which was afterwards completed by his son and successor, Reginald.

Orry was a wise and politic Prince. Under his rule the Manx enjoyed undisturbed tranquillity. Both his reign and his character afford an historical parallel—not inferior in any respect—to Alfred the Great of England.

In 960 A.D. Guthred died, and was buried in Castle Rushen. This castle now stands as firm as ever, and is one of the finest and most perfect specimens of old Saxon castles in the whole world. It is built of limestone, quarried near by, and, notwithstanding its great age, is still in a perfect state of preservation. It is now used as a prison and for certain of the

Government offices. Till a comparatively very few years ago it was the residence of the Governors of the island. We shall have occasion to allude again to this grand old relic of the past.

King Reginald, who completed the castle, had the reputation of being a great magician, and is said to have attempted to build a bridge from Point of Ayre, the northern extremity of the island, to the coast of Galloway in Scotland. He was succeeded by his son Olaf or Olave, who, not having given the customary acknowledgment of vassalage and superiority to the Norwegian monarch, a custom performed for many years by the Kings of Man, who were both allies and vassals of the more powerful Norse Kings, was summoned to the Court of Harold II., surnamed Grafeld, then on the throne of Norway, and was afterwards executed as a traitor for his omission. A rapid succession of the descendants of King Orry filled the throne of Man, one of whom—Hacon, who lived in 974 A.D.—calls for special notice.

In addition to owning a vassalage to Norway, the Kings of Man at this period acknowledged a certain dependence on the Kings of England. When Edgar, King of England, was rowed in his state barge on the river Dee, Hacon was one of the eight Princes who pulled the oars. Edgar himself acted as coxswain, and held the rudder to testify his superiority over the others.

The royal rowers were Kenneth III. of Scotland; Hacon, King of Man and the Isles; Malcolm, King of Cumberland, and five petty Kings of Britain.

Hacon stood so high in the esteem of King Edgar, on account of his great naval acquirements, that he pulled the second oar, taking rank next to Kenneth, King of Scotland. When Edgar granted the celebrated Charter to Glastonbury Abbey, Hacon's signature came third, immediately after the Kings of England and Scotland.

Hacon was employed by Edgar to patrol the seas round the English coasts in search of pirates, and was regarded as the mightiest sea-king of his day. He held the chief command of the allied English and Manx fleets, and is stated to have sailed round the British Islands with 3,600 vessels. If this be true, well indeed might Hacon, King of Man, bear the proud title given to him of 'Prince of Seamen.'

At any rate, he may be regarded as the first British admiral, the precursor of that glorious list on which are enrolled the names of Drake, Shovel, Hood, Howe, Nelson, and so many others, whose deeds have ever been the proud boast of their countrymen.

Hacon took for his armorial bearings a ship with sails furled, and the motto, *Rex Manniæ et Insularem*, which continued to be the Manx arms till the time of the Scottish conquest, when the more ancient device of the 'Three Legs' was resumed, and has continued to this day.

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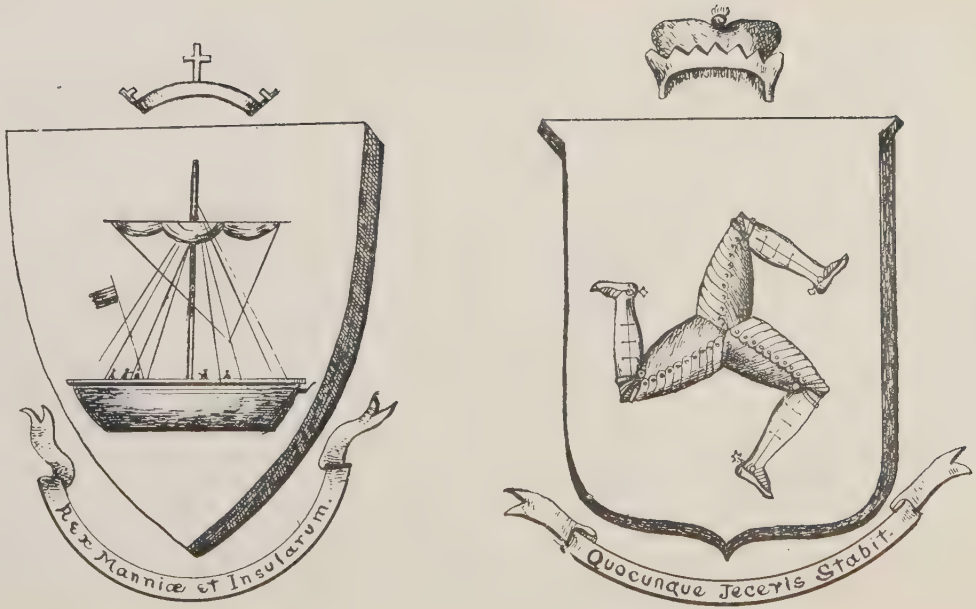

ARMS OF THE ISLE OF MAN WITH THE CROWNS.

[*To face p.* 17

CHAPTER IV.

THE ANCIENT ARMS OF MAN—ORIGIN OF THE THREE LEGS OF MAN.

SO long as the Kings of Man could write 'Rex Manniæ et Insularem' after their names the arms were the ship with furled sail; but when the Scots, under their King Alexander, took possession of the Western Islands and also of Man, the three legs were substituted.

With the toe of one leg they spurn at Ireland, with the spur of another they kick at Scotland, and with the third leg they kneel to England.

The legs are all cased in armour, denoting self-defence; the spurs denote speed; while in whatever position they are placed, one of them falls into the attitude of supplication.

The meaning of the symbol is, that if England should have thought of oppressing the island, Ireland and Scotland would have been asked for help; and if either of these two, or both of them combined, should assail the Manx nation, England would be called upon to help and defend them.

The motto is an iambic dimeter—'Quocunque

Jeceris Stabit' ('Whichever way you may throw it, it will stand'). Whether this be taken in English or Latin, it very ingeniously agrees, both in sense and style, with the attitude of the legs. The position of the legs cannot be changed in the plain so as to alter their attitude to the three surrounding countries of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and no transposition of the words of the Latin motto will change its sense and meaning.

The occult moral of this emblem presents the instructive parable of 'A brave man struggling with fate.' The character is constituted by the conjunction of humility, energy, and fortitude. His attitude is that of supplication; but, at the same time, that of activity. He is only on one knee. With one limb he implores assistance; with the other two he serves himself. With the sense of dependence on strength superior to his own, he combines the most strenuous exertion of his own energies; to the modesty of supplication he conjoins the discretion of armour and the activity of the spurs. Whatever lot Providence may apportion to such a man, whatever it will cost him, he will stand.

'Reader, thou'st seen a falling cat
Light always on its legs so pat;
A shuttlecock will still descend,
Meeting the ground on nether end:
The persevering Manxman thus,
A shuttlecock or *pauvre puss*,
However thro' the world he's tost—
However disappointed, crosst,
Reverses, losses, fortune's frown,
No chance or change will keep him down.

Upset him any way you will,
Upon his legs you find him still;
For ever active, brisk and spunky,
Stabit Jeceris Quocunque.'

The insignia of the Island of Sicily, in the Mediterranean, is also three legs, similarly joined together at the thighs, *but the legs are bare and naked.*

The origin of the very quaint device of the Manx three legs goes back to very old times—times when the Manx people believe that the island was only inhabited by fairies, and everything was carried on in quite a fairylike and supernatural manner, without any aid from mortal men.

Tradition says that the island was enchanted and ruled by a fairy enchanter, who was very jealous at the bare idea of mortals coming to its shores, and so to prevent any of the sea-rovers from seeing the land when passing in their ships, he caused a blue mist or fog to envelop and hang over it, and thus kept the island out of the sight of all mariners who frequented those seas.

This enchanter had also the power of making one little fairy-man appear like a whole army of big men, and of so frightening away the crews of any vessels that might penetrate the mist and attempt to invade his domains.

One day, however, it so happened that some fishermen were driven by stress of weather through the mist, and, much to their surprise, discovered land where they least expected to find it; but when they did see it, it was so enshrouded in vapour and mist they could hardly discern anything distinctly. They succeeded, after great difficulty, in getting

their small vessel safely on to the beach and landing. Once on shore, they prepared to make a fire to warm themselves and cook some food. Amid their preparations, they were frightened and astonished on hearing fearful noises, but could not distinguish whence they proceeded. Directly one of the men struck a light with his tinder-box, the fog began to break, and as the fire burned up, so did the clouds and mist commence to roll along and ascend up the sides of what they could now perceive was a mountain. The rolling mist was followed by a curious object that looked like three legs of men, joined together at the thighs, the knees and feet sticking out like the spokes of a wheel. This wonderful object, slowly revolving, followed after the cloud as it rolled up the mountain-side, and disappearing, was never seen again from that time to this.

The light of the fire evidently broke the spell of the enchanter's power, and though the island is often remarked to have a belt of fog and mist hanging about its shores, neither mist nor fog has ever returned so dense again.

An Irishwoman, on first beholding the device of the three legs on the paddle-box of one of the Isle of Man Packet Company's steamers, on the occasion of her arrival in Liverpool, and being told what they were, exclaimed: 'It must be a moighty quare counthry that his ligs for its arums.'

To within a few years the Manx copper coinage bore the Queen's head on one side and the three legs and motto on the reverse. They have entirely dis-

appeared from circulation, having been gradually absorbed by visitors to Mona's Isle, who have taken them away as curios and mementoes of their visit.

The first Manx penny and halfpenny with the three legs on one side and the crest of the Derby family—the eagle and child—on the reverse were coined in 1709 A.D. by the Earl of that date.

The last coinage of Manx pence was in 1839 A.D., with Queen Victoria's head on one side and the three legs on the reverse. Thirteen Manx pence were equivalent to the English shilling.

CHAPTER V.

BATTLE OF CLONTARF—ANTIQUITY OF THE KILT—REIGNS OF GODRED CROVAN AND OLAF THE BLACK.

ON Good Friday, A.D. 1014, there was fought in Ireland the great Battle of Clontarf, between the Irish, under their celebrated King, Brian Boroimhe—or, as he is better known at the present day, Brian Boru—and the different clans and tribes of Norsemen who at this time had made a firm settlement at Dublin, and were ruled by Sittric, King of the Danes of Dublin.

Sittric, hearing he was going to be attacked by Brian Boru (who, the Irish tell us, was a giant), sent round the war-arrow among all his allies of the various isles, and among the rest to the Isle of Man. This war-arrow was simply a piece of wood, in the form of an arrow-head, which the various Scandinavian nations used, much to the same purpose as the Scottish clans did the fiery cross, to alarm and call to arms their allies, by sending swift messengers with it to the various chiefs, who each, on receiving the summons, immediately despatched it on to the

next Viking, and, after mustering his own forces, proceeded with all haste to join the fight, wherever it might be.

By means of this war-arrow, King Sittric collected at Clontarf as large an army as Brian Boru; and a fierce and bloody battle ensued, of a somewhat similar nature to the celebrated one between the Kilkenny cats. An ancient historian states that the soldiers fought, man to man, with the greatest determination and animosity. The victors of one rank fell victims to the next in front. The commanders on both sides performed prodigies of valour, but nearly all were slain. The son of the King of the Danes, named Brodar, engaged in single combat with the giant, Brian Boru. Both fell in the deadly strife. Only a very few of the Manx army survived to return to their homes.

Twenty years later, 1030 A.D., Snibue, King of Man and the Isles, was killed in battle, unsuccessfully defending his territories against the incursions of the celebrated Trofine, Earl of Orkney.

The next King of Man, Harold I., a son of Snibue, after trying in vain to drive out the Lieutenants of the Earl of Orkney, died 1040 A.D. in Ireland, a fugitive from his native country. He was succeeded by Godred III., who did vassalage to the Earl of Orkney, and became firmly established on the throne of Man after the death of Earl Trofine, 1064 A.D.

We have now arrived at an important epoch, not only in the history of Man, but of England also. Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings, was on the

English throne, and Fingal II. on that of Man and the Isles.

In the ever-memorable year 1066 A.D., Tosti Godwinson, the brother of Harold, King of England, having rebelled against his brother, at the instigation of William the Bastard, Duke of Normandy, so well known as William the Conqueror, invited the assistance of Harold Hardraade, King of Norway, and Godred Crovan or Godfrey IV., King of Man, who had just succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, Fingal II., and, accompanied by his allies and their armies, invaded his brother's dominions.

At Stamford Bridge the English army, under Harold the Saxon, signally defeated the allied invaders, in a pitched battle, in which both Harold Hardraade, King of Norway, and Tosti Godwinson were slain; but the Manx King managed to make a good retreat, and reached his island home with the remnant of his forces and fleet. The King of England was unable to follow the Manxmen, being compelled to hurry southward to protect his country from the more formidable and successful Norman invaders, under the conquering William.

When Godred Crovan returned to the island after the defeat at Stamford Bridge, the inhabitants opposed him. He landed his force near Ramsey during the night, and placed 300 men in an ambush. As soon as the sun rose, the inhabitants attacked the troops he was landing from his ships in the bay on the south side of the harbour, with great

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[*Swinnerton.*

THE TRIUMPH OF GODRED CROVAN.

By kind permission of A. W. Moore, Esq., S. H. K. Douglas. Isle of Man.

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ferocity; but when the 300 men appeared from their ambush and attacked them in the rear, his opponents attempted to fly. The tide being up, they could not recross the river Sulby, which flows into the harbour, and seeing their dilemma they threw down their arms and yielded, petitioning only for their lives.

After his victory Godred, who had a number of Norsemen and others in his army, gave them the choice of either taking land on the Island of Man, or taking the portable property of the vanquished. They chose the latter, took what plunder they could get in three days, and sailed away to their own homes.

Godred marched the rest of his army to the south of the island, and granted the people all their lands back again upon the condition that 'none of them or their descendants should ever presume to claim them as their inheritance, but hold them in perpetuity under the King.' It was thus that the land was ever after held under the King or Lord of the island; but this law was afterwards modified in 1703 A.D. by the Manx Magna Charta and Act of Settlement, obtained by Bishop Wilson from the Lord and House of Keys.

Godred Crovan, soon after settling down on his throne, collected a new fleet and army, and brought under his subjection the Isles of the Hebrides, over which he placed his son Logman as Lieutenant, and afterwards turned his arms against Ireland, at that time, as usual, divided into many petty and hostile factions and principalities.

Godred not only reduced Dublin, but carried his gallant Manxmen victorious through the greater part of Leinster, which he laid under tribute.

This great warrior died 1095 A.D., after a reign of thirty-six years, at the Island of Islay, on his way to resist an invasion of his northern insular territories by Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway, to whom he had refused to do the customary homage and vassalage. He left three sons, Logman, Harold, and Olave.

With the loss of their great King, the Manx seem to have lost for a time some of their spirit and pluck. Not only the lesser isles but Man itself speedily became an easy prey to Magnus Barefoot, who came to the island with 160 ships.

Now occurs a peculiarly interesting historical record. In the Norwegian annals of Magnus Barefoot we have the earliest known mention of the Highland dress or kilt, which seems to have been the ordinary costume of the Manx and other islanders of that period. It was from his adopting it himself that King Magnus obtained the sobriquet of 'Barefoot.' 'They went on the streets,' says Saone Struleson, the Icelandic historian, 'with bare legs, whence Magnus was called by his men Barfod or Barbeen—Barefoot or Barelegs.' This proves the great antiquity of the kilt.

After his conquest of Man, Magnus placed over it a Norwegian Jarl or Earl, named Octtar or Ottar, as Governor. This man displeased the inhabitants of the southern part of the island, who rebelled and

elected MacManus as their leader, under whom they marched northwards.

A battle was fought between the forces of Ottar and MacManus at Santroust, in the parish of Jurby. The fight was long and severe, with heavy losses on both sides. The followers of MacManus were driving their opponents from the field, when the women of the north, rushing into the thickest of the fight, rallied their husbands, sons, and brothers, rendering such timely and effectual assistance as totally changed the issue of the day, but not before both the leaders were killed.

As a reward for the bravery of the northern Manx Amazons, it was afterwards enacted by the House of Keys, in Tynwald Court assembled, 'That of all goods immoveable, not having any life, the wives shall have the half in the Northern Sheadings; whereas in the Southern Sheadings the wives shall only be entitled to one-third.' This law is still in force, though somewhat modified, and although it is sometimes abused in a few cases of fraudulent bankruptcy, it works well, and has been the means of saving many families from utter ruin. This law entails the necessity of the husband's and wife's signature being both attached to any transfer, sale, or mortgage of land in the Isle of Man.

So many men on both sides were slain in the battle of Santroust, that there were not enough left to till the land, and the inhabitants were nearly falling victims to a famine. Magnus Barefoot hearing of this, returned himself to Man in or about

1098 A.D., but was killed in 1103 A.D., on the coast of Ireland, when engaged upon one of his warlike expeditions.

On the death of Magnus, the old line of the Manx Kings was once more restored, and Logman, a son of Godred Crovan, was crowned King of Man and the Isles.

This Logman reigned seven years, and seems to have been a prototype of King John of England. His cruelties (among which the putting out of his brother Harold's eyes is the most notable) were such that he was compelled by his indignant subjects to abdicate his throne, and he joined the Crusaders to Palestine, from whence he never returned.

On hearing of the death of their absent King Logman, the notables of the island sent an embassy to Murecard O'Brien, King of Ireland, asking him to send them a 'diligent and desirable man' to rule them, till Olaf or Olave, the third son of their great King, Godred Crovan, became of full age.

The Irish King sent one Dopnald, the son of Tade, who made himself so obnoxious to the Manx people, that after putting up with his rule for three years they rose up in arms and banished him back to Ireland, from whence he never returned.

Olave, 1102 A.D., a good prince, was slain with a battle-axe by his nephew Reginald, near Ramsey, previous to a general battle.

Godred, 1143 A.D., Olave's son, who avenged his father's fate by the death of Reginald, was afterwards elected King of Leinster on account of his virtues.

Summerted, 1158 A.D., a Thane of Argyle, and brother-in-law to Godred, conquered and usurped the crown, as did Reginald also after him; but Godred subdued him, and died King of Man, 1187 A.D.

Olave, son of Godred, was dethroned and banished by Reginald, his bastard elder brother, but was restored after many hardships. Reginald invaded his kingdom, and was slain in battle near Tynwald Hill.

No notable King was on the Manx throne till it was occupied by Olaf or Olave III., surnamed 'the Black' King of Man.

'Olaf the Black' was a worthy descendant of Hacon, the sea-prince, and, like him, was a British Admiral. Henry III. of England, in 1236 A.D., granted King Olaf an annual sum in silver coin of 40 marks, 100 quarters of corn, and wine, for defending a part of the English coasts with his fleet, which by all accounts was a very powerful one.

Olaf died at Peel Castle in 1237 A.D., and was succeeded by a weak Prince, Reginald III., who not only bought the protection of King John of England, but submitted to hold his crown under the See of Rome, paying twelve marks annually to the Abbey of Furness.

There is a curious document extant, evidently a safety pass from Henry II., King of England, dated Windsor, April 13, 1233 A.D., wherein it is written: 'We have taken under our safe and sure conduct our beloved friend Olave, King of Man and the Islands, whilst coming into England to confer

with us, and whilst tarrying here and departing thence.'

Reginald was the first King of Man that ever became subject to the Pope, and is justly execrated by all true Manxmen to this day on that account. The surrender was executed at the house of the Knights Templar in London.

Both John and Henry III. espoused the cause of Reginald.

It is related of Olaf the Black that he once sent his shoes to the King of Dublin, with a command that he should carry them on his shoulders through his palace, and go to church on Christmas Day, in the presence of his ambassadors. So great was the terror of his name that, fearing to give offence to the mighty Manx sea-king, and lay his dominions open to be ravaged by Olaf, the King of Dublin, named Murtough the Peaceful, said, 'He would eat the shoes in question rather than afford a pretext to the Manx people to destroy one province of Ireland.'

Olaf the Black gave the Abbey of Rushen, at Ballasalla, to Evan, Abbot of Furness, to serve as a nursery to the Manx Church, and thus laid the foundation of the seat of learning for which the island has ever since been famous. It was from this circumstance that the Abbots of Furness always held the appointment of the Abbots of Rushen, and possessed so large an influence in the election of the Bishops.

Olaf also divided the tithes into three parts. To the Bishop he gave one-third for his maintenance,

to the Abbey of Rushen one-third for the education and relief of the poor, and the remaining third to the parochial clergy for their subsistence.

In 1250 A.D., John, King of England, took a fancy to the Isle of Man, and wanted to add it to his English territories. He landed at Ronaldsway, not far from Castle Rushen, on the Southern coast, and proclaimed himself King.

The Manx people were perfectly indignant at him and his proceedings. They rose in one body, and, attacking John's encampment, totally defeated him, compelling him to beat a hasty retreat to his ships and leave the island. From this time the power of the Norwegian Kings began to decline.

In 1263 A.D., Hacon Hakonson, King of Norway, surnamed Hakory the Aged, attempted an invasion of Scotland, and was defeated on October 3, at Largs, by Alexander III., King of Scotland, with such immense loss of both men and ships that the Norwegian power in the Isles was for ever broken. In this battle the Scots lost 5,000 and the Norwegians 16,000 men.

Magnus IV., then King of Man, on hearing of the terrible defeat of his Norwegian patron, immediately hastened to Dumfries, where he did homage to the conqueror, Alexander, who granted him a charter, by which he held the Isle of Man from the crown of Scotland.

Magnus IV. was the ninth and last ruler of Man of the race of Godred Crovan. He died at Castle Rushen, 1265 A.D., and was buried in the Abbey

Church of Rushen, at Ballasalla, which church he had just completed, and caused to be dedicated to St. Mary. This family had for nearly two centuries ruled in Man, with the title of King, though, in effect, they were merely lieutenants of the crown of Norway.

It is a curious fact in the history of monastic establishments, and is mentioned by Holinshed in his 'Chronicles,' that most of them were founded in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and owe their origin in a great measure to the general belief prevailing at that time throughout Christendom that the world would come to an end and be destroyed at the termination of the prophetic period of 1260 years from the birth of Christ.

Many of the large secular properties that were given up by their owners to the Church, for the erection and endowment of monastic and other religious establishments, were meant as offerings to secure, if possible, the favour of Heaven in such an emergency.

Between 1100 and 1250 A.D., no less than fifteen hundred of these establishments were erected in England alone, and a proportionate number in Scotland. Hence the magnificent donations that were made at this period by the Kings of Norway and Man to the monastery of Rushen.

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SIR JOHN STANLEY, KT., LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND AND TREASURER OF THE HOUSEHOLD TO KING HENRY IV. OF ENGLAND, WHO PRESENTED THE ISLE OF MAN TO HIM AND HIS HEIRS FOR EVER IN 1406 A.D.

Photo by Richard Brown, Liverpool, from the original at Knowsley.

[*To face p.* 33.

CHAPTER VI.

PAWNING THE ISLE OF MAN—FIRST SALE OF THE ISLAND —GRANT OF MONA TO THE STANLEY FAMILY.

ALEXANDER OF SCOTLAND, wishing to make sure of his sovereignty of Man, entered into a treaty at Perth, in 1266 A.D., with Magnus VI., King of Norway, the successor of Hacon Hakonson, in which Magnus ceded to him all his claims and interest in the sovereignty and episcopacy of Man for the sum of 4,000 marks, to be paid in four yearly instalments of 1,000 marks each, and an annual pension of 100 marks. Alexander, however, had very great difficulties in getting the Manx themselves to accede to this arrangement, which was the first sale of the island. He had to send a powerful army, under the command of Alexander Stuart, of Paisley, to reduce them to a state of obedience.

Stuart fought a decisive battle at Ronaldsway, where the Manx were badly beaten, losing five hundred gentlemen of the best families, and their leader, Ivan the Bold.

On establishing his authority, Alexander, in token

of his conquest, abolished the ancient armorial ensign of the island—the ship with the motto *Rex Mannæ et Insularem*, substituting the more ancient device of the Three Legs.

It was a long time before the Manx settled down quietly under their new Scottish rulers. The Scottish Kings governed the island by nobles or Thanes, the generality of whom were so tyrannical that at last the Manx rose in revolt in very considerable numbers, and when the two armies were drawn up before each other, the Bishop, Marcus Galvadiensio, a Scotchman, interfered to prevent bloodshed, and obtained the mutual consent of both parties to decide the contest by thirty champions on each side.

The contest took place, and extraordinary feats of heroism were performed on both sides. The Manx champions were all slain, and twenty-five of the Scottish champions perished also. This affair settled the matter, and the people quietly submitted to their fate.

On the death of Alexander of Scotland, the contentions of Bruce and Baliol gave Edward I. of England the opportunity of seizing the Isle of Man for a period; and in the meantime two claimants for the Manx crown appeared in the field—both females.

The first lady was Mary, daughter of Reginald III.; the other was Alfrida, a daughter of Olaf III., the Black, King of Man. This latter lady was married to an English nobleman, Sir Simon de Montacute, and in her favour the all-powerful Edward I. decided.

Their son, Sir William de Montacute, a reckless young gentleman—a sort of mediæval fast young man hanging around the English Court—having overrun the constable, mortgaged the island and its revenue to his 'uncle,' Anthony Beck, Bishop of Durham and Patriarch of Jerusalem, to whom the King of England afterwards made a grant of it for his life.

This is believed to be the first recorded instance of a hard-up gentleman depositing his property with his 'uncle' as security for cash advanced. If they have not already done so, and they think they require a patron saint, it would not be amiss for the pawnbrokers to adopt this Bishop Anthony Beck for the purpose, as they have already done by taking the arms of Lombardy for their sign.

The avuncular Bishop enjoyed his security for just seventeen years, when he was gathered to his fathers. As the fast-living Sir William de Montacute was either dead or in too great difficulties to show up, and his son and heir was but an infant of tender years, the reigning King of England, Edward II., who was noted for his generosity to his favourites—especially when he had the opportunity of exercising it with other people's property—presented the Isle of Man successively to his protégés, Piers de Gaveston, Gilbert MacGaskell, and Henry de Beaumont.

Not one of these Court butterflies cared about being a resident King of Man, much preferring to spend what moneys the revenues afforded them in the gaieties of London. Consequently Man presented

a good opportunity for the energetic Bruce, who, in 1313 A.D., made a descent upon it, and besieged the English garrison in Castle Rushen. This fortress, however, was gallantly defended by Dougall MacDoul for a period of six months, before he and his brave men surrendered. On the English garrison being at length driven out of the island, Bruce, King of Scotland, presented the crown of Man to his nephew, Randolph, Earl of Murray.

In the following reign of Edward III. of England, known as the 'Hammer of Scotland,' Man again fell into English hands. Mary de Waldefeof, a lady, presented her claims to the English King. Edward had other and much weightier matters on hand to attend to, but managed to find time to very speedily settle the claims of both aspirants of the rival houses. He united them by giving the Lady Mary de Waldefeof in marriage to William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, the grandson of Sir Simon de Montacute and Alfrida, the daughter of King Olaf the Black.

In the year 1344 A.D., the Earl and Countess of Salisbury were crowned King and Queen of Man, with great pomp and ceremony, in the Cathedral of St. Germain's, in Peel Castle.

The Salisbury family set but little store on their insular throne, for in 1393 A.D. the chronicles inform us that the Earl of Salisbury, son of the one who married Mary de Waldefeof, sold to William de Scroop, afterwards Earl of Wiltshire, the Isle of Man, with the title of King, and the right of being crowned with a golden crown.

At this period the golden crown appears to have brought anything but good fortune to its wearer, for the Earl of Wiltshire got into serious trouble, and was beheaded in 1399 A.D. for high treason against Henry IV. of England, who bestowed the little kingdom on Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland; but he in his turn got into disgrace, and was attainted and banished by King Henry, who made another grant of the Isle of Man, in 1406 A.D., to Sir John Stanley—'to him and his heirs for ever; to be held from the Kings of England, subject to an annual tribute of a cast of falcons.' Henry Bolingbroke was a King who did things thoroughly.

Sir John Stanley married the daughter of Sir Thomas Lathom, of Lathom and Knowsley, in Lancashire, and thus founded the noble family of Stanley and Derby, who held the sovereignty of Man for very many years. Its several members made frequent visits to their little kingdom, but governed chiefly by lieutenants, who either resided at Peel or Rushen Castles, both of which were garrisoned, and considered amongst the strongest fortified places in the British Isles.

Henry Byron, one of these Lieutenant-Governors, is spoken of with great respect by the Manx people of the present day. He remodelled the House of Keys, and restored that body to its original number of twenty-four. It will be remembered that Man sent sixteen, and the other isles eight members, to Tynwald Parliament. Several years previous to Governor Byron's time, the Soderen Isles had in

reality been separated from Man. Byron so re-arranged the members that every parish sent one, making in all twenty-four, the original number first instituted by King Orry.

In the reign of Richard II. of England the Earl of Warwick was banished to Peel Castle, in the Isle of Man, but after a while was recalled, and his honours all restored.

Another notable English prisoner in Peel Castle was Eleanor Cobham, the wife of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, sentenced to perpetual imprisonment for witchcraft by King Henry VI. of England—*vide* Shakespeare, 'Henry VI.,' Part II., Act II., Scene 3, Hall of Justice:

'KING HENRY. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Glo'ster's wife;
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's Book are adjudged to death.
* * * * *
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.
DUCHESS. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death,' etc.

Scene 4, after the Duchess has done penance:

'DUCHESS. Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.
STANLEY. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be used according to your state.'

In the reign of Henry VI. the Stanleys were raised to the peerage, and created barons, Sir Thomas Stanley being the first Lord Stanley. He died in 1459 A.D., and it was his son, also named Thomas, who played the all-important part at Bosworth Field, when, after taking part in the battle against the unpopular Richard III., he crowned the victorious Earl of Richmond, on the field of battle, Henry VII., King of England, for which services Henry created him Earl of Derby.

The regal title of King of Man was resigned in 1504 A.D. by Thomas, second Earl of Derby, who explained his reasons in the following letter to his son :

'The Isle was sometime governed by Kings, natives of its own, who were converted to Christianity by St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland; and Sir John Stanley, the first possessor of it of that family, was by his Patent styled King of Man, as were his successors after him. For great and wise reasons I have thought fit to forbear that title. Some might think it a mark of grandeur that the Lords of this Isle have been called kings; and I might be of that opinion if I knew how this country could maintain itself independent of other nations; and that I had no interest in another place; but herein I agree with your great and wise ancestor, and with him conceive that to be a great Lord is more honourable than a petty king.

'Besides, it is not fit for a king to be subject to any other king but the King of Kings; nor does it

hardly please a king that any of his subjects should affect that title, were it but to act it in a play; witness the scruples raised and objections made by my enemies in His Majesty's Council, of my being too nearly allied to the Royalty to be trusted with too great power (as hereinbefore mentioned); whose jealousies and vile suggestions have proved very ill consequence to his Majesties interest and my service of him. Take it for granted that it is your honour to give honour to your sovereign; it is safe and comfortable; therefore in all your actions let it visibly appear in this Isle.

'DERBY.'

Ever since that time the title has been Lord of Man, not King. The Queen of England at the present day is Lady of Man.

Edward Stanley, third Earl of Derby, was a great favourite of the Bluff King Hal, Henry VIII. of England. During his life the revenues of Rushen Abbey, at Ballasalla, were seized upon and confiscated, and the building was dismantled as a religious house. Rushen was the last of the abbeys that fell under the rapacious hand of Henry VIII.

In 1610 A.D. a new charter was obtained from the King of England—James I.—for insuring and establishing the Isle of Man in the name and blood of William, Earl of Derby; and in 1637 A.D. this Earl William, being tired of public life, resigned all his dignities and titles to his son, James Stanley, so celebrated in history as the great Earl of Derby.

JAMES, SEVENTH AND GREAT EARL OF DERBY.

Photo by Richard Brown, Liverpool, from the original painting at Knowsley.

'While Stanley's life-like face you scan,
You recognise the King of Man;
But learn his death from history's pen,
And then you see the king of men.

[*To face p.* 40.

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CHARLOTTE DE LA TREMOUILLE, COUNTESS OF DERBY,
THE INTREPID DEFENDER OF LATHOM HOUSE,
LANCASHIRE, AND CASTLE RUSHEN,
ISLE OF MAN.

Photo by Richard Brown, Liverpool, from the original painting at Knowsley

[*To face p.* 41.

CHAPTER VII.

JAMES, THE GREAT EARL OF DERBY — HIS LETTER TO GENERAL IRETON—REGIMENT OF MANXMEN TO JOIN KING CHARLES'S ARMY—DEFEAT OF THE ROYALISTS AT WORCESTER, AND DISPERSION OF THE MANX REGIMENT—DEFENCE OF THE ISLE OF MAN BY CHARLOTTE, COUNTESS OF DERBY—BETRAYAL OF CASTLE RUSHEN AND THE ISLAND TO THE FORCES OF CROMWELL BY WILLIAM CHRISTIAN, OR ILLIAM DHÔAN—HIS TRIAL —APPEAL AND EXECUTION AT HANGO HILL.

DURING the Civil War in England between Charles I. and the Parliament, the Isle of Man and the Manx people remained steadily attached to the interest of the King, and was one of the very last places that yielded to the arms of Cromwell.

Sir Walter Scott, in his beautiful tale of 'Peveril of the Peak,' very graphically tells many of the incidents in the history of the island at this period. General Ireton offered the Earl of Derby not only his life, but the restitution of all his English estates, if he would surrender the Isle of Man to the

Parliamentary forces. The Earl returned the following spirited and indignant reply:

'CASTLETOWN,
'*July* 12, 1649.

'SIR,

'I received your Letter with indignation and scorn, and return you this answer, that I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes from me that I should, like you, prove treacherous to my sovereign, since you cannot but be sensible of my former actings in his late Majesty's service; from which principles of Loyalty I am in no whit departed. I scorn your proffers, disdain your favour and abhor your treason, and am so far from delivering up this Island to your advantage, that I will keep it to the utmost of my power and your destruction. Take this for your final answer and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messages on this occasion, I will burn the paper and hang the bearer. This is the immutable resolution and shall be the undoubted practice of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be,

'His Majesty's most Loyal and obedient Servant,

'DERBY.

'TO COMMISSARY-GENERAL IRETON.'

This letter, which was in after years pronounced by Sir Robert Walpole to be 'a model of brave and natural eloquence,' shows at once the character of this truly great man, who throughout his life was stanch and true alike to his country, his King, and

CHAIR IN WHICH JAMES, SEVENTH EARL OF DERBY, SAT ON THE SCAFFOLD PREVIOUS TO HIS EXECUTION AT BOLTON-LE-MOORS.

On the back of this chair is a silver plate with the following inscription:

> 'This, the Chair of the Great Earl of Derby at his martyrdom, was presented by James Hardcastle of Bolton-le-Moors to the Right Honble. Edward Geofrey, Earl of Derby.'

Photo by Richard Brown, Liverpool, at Knowsley.

[*To face p.* 43.

his God. No nobler type of an Englishman is to be found in the history of our country than James, seventh Earl of Derby; and it is perhaps not too much to say that from his time to the present his descendants have, without exception, maintained the same character as their noble ancestor.

After the sacking of Lathom House, which the brave Countess Charlotte, Earl James' indomitable wife, long defended against two thousand of the Parliamentary troops under General Ireton, and the defeat of the Royalists at Bolton, the Earl left England for his island kingdom, where he busied himself in protecting his interests till 1651 A.D., when he proceeded again to England, taking with him a regiment he had raised in the Isle of Man. When he landed he raised once more the Royal Standard, and with what forces he could assemble, joined the Royal army, with which he shared the toils and trials of the campaign that terminated in the ill-fated battle of Worcester, after which, by seeing first to the safety of his King Charles, and placing him in the hands of the Penderels at Boscobel, he entirely sacrificed himself, and was taken prisoner.

Such a leader as James, Earl of Derby, was not to be parted with alive by the Roundheads. Next to Prince Rupert, he was the greatest thorn in their sides. He underwent what was called a trial, and was beheaded on October 16, 1651 A.D., at Bolton-le-Moors.

The death of Lord Derby did not give the Isle of Man to the Roundheads without a hard struggle.

The renowned Lady Charlotte, Countess of Derby, was a woman worthy of such a spouse, and Sir Walter Scott tells us in his 'Peveril of the Peak' of the trials and exertions of this heroic lady.

Immediately on hearing of the defeat of the Royalists at Worcester, she put her little dominions into a state of defence; but a traitor was in her camp—a serpent in her bosom. The man whom her husband had trusted and made Receiver-General betrayed his trust. Captain William Christian, better known as Illiam Dhôan, or Brown William, who held command of her chief body of troops and the garrison of Castle Rushen, surrendered the keys of the Castle, without resistance, directly the Parliamentary fleet hove in sight of Castletown Bay.

The noble Countess of Derby was treacherously taken prisoner, and confined in Castle Rushen till the restoration of the English monarchy, when she was at once liberated, and the Derby family were reinstated in all their rights and estates, both in England and the Isle of Man.

Her room where she was imprisoned, and which had hitherto been the Council Chamber, is pointed out to visitors at the present day, and is now used as a day ward for prisoners for debt.

William Christian was born in 1608 A.D., and was the third son of Deemster Ewan Christian.

James, the seventh Earl of Derby and ninth Lord of Man, was desirous of altering the land tenure of the island, which was held by what was termed the 'tenure of the straw'—a modification of that granted

by King Godred Crovan in 1066 A.D., which was nominally a tenancy at will, under the Kings or Lords of Mona, but was by custom practically equivalent to a freehold. This tenure of the straw Lord Derby wished to change for a system of lease for three lives, which was opposed by many of the landowners, and much ill-feeling arose on both sides. Whether this was altogether a wise proceeding on the Earl's part is an open question.

Ewan Christian, the father of William, purchased the estate of Ronaldsway, near Castletown, and afterwards discovered there was some slight difficulty about the title.

In order to arrange matters amicably, Ewan Christian agreed to make over his title to the property to his third son William—Illiam Dhôan, or Brown William, so called on account of his fair brown hair—and by so doing, and meeting the views and wishes of the Lord, he gained his friendship.

Lord Derby appointed young William Christian to the post of Receiver-General, one of the most important and lucrative positions in the island.

Three years after, Lord Derby, having raised and trained his regiment of Manxmen—volunteers—to fight for the young King Charles II.'s cause, crossed over to England with them, and joined the Royal army which was so badly beaten and dispersed at the unfortunate Battle of Worcester, where the Manxmen, who had stood their ground with their usual pluck and pertinacity, were woefully cut up by Cromwell's Ironsides, and their leader, the Earl of

Derby, was afterwards taken prisoner. The majority of those of the Manxmen who did not fall in the fight were dispersed about the country, and this accounts for meeting with Manx names in several parts of England—Oxfordshire, Bucks, and Kent in particular. But very few ever returned to their homes.

Previous to leaving the island with his unfortunate regiment, he confided to William Christian's special care his wife, the Countess, and their children; and also placed him in command of what troops and strongholds he possessed, to protect the island—in fact, constituted him his *alter ego* during his absence.

There is no doubt but that Christian, from his very first appointment, greatly abused the powers his position gave him in more ways than one. He took advantage of the troublous and unsettled state of the times to apply to his own uses and to put away considerable sums of money that he, as Receiver-General of the island, had the handling of. Twenty thousand pounds—a very large sum in those days—was the amount he was afterwards arrested and imprisoned for in the Fleet Prison at London, whither he had fled from the Isle of Man after having betrayed every trust, without a single exception, that had been placed in him by the Earl of Derby prior to his departure to England to assist the cause of the King.

That Christian first stirred up a mutinous rising among the lower classes of ignorant Manx people against the Countess of Derby, and entered into a

treasonable correspondence with the officers of the Parliamentary forces—both naval and military—there are most convincing proofs.

On hearing that her husband was taken prisoner at Worcester, Lady Derby consulted Sir Philip Musgrave, whom she had appointed Governor, having her doubts as to Christian's fidelity, and drew up proposals for a conditional submission to Cromwell's Government. These were sent by a special messenger to England. The very night after the despatch of the messenger, Christian headed an insurrection, and seized all the forts except Peel Castle and Castle Rushen at Castletown.

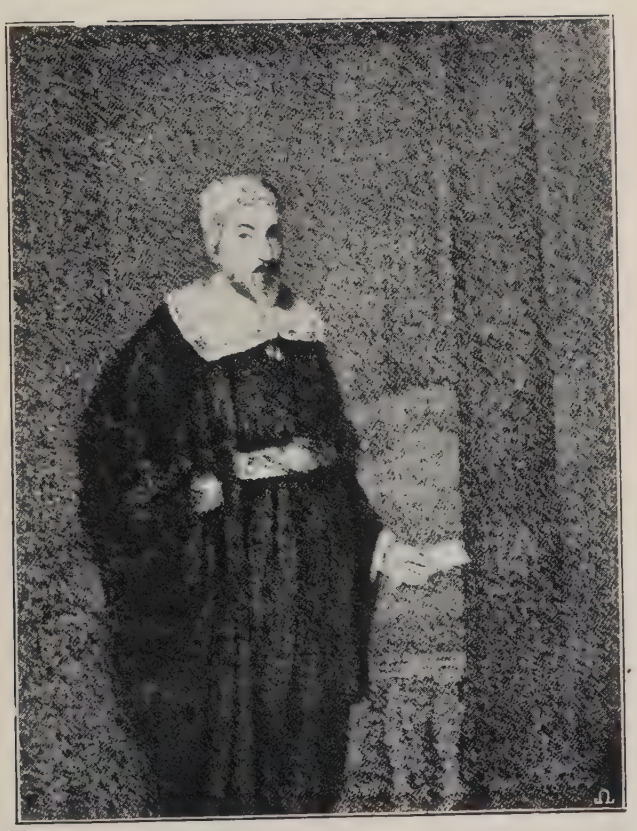
According to Burton's account, the Manx insurgents not only plundered the Earl's property and estates, but treated all the English who fell into their hands very harshly and cruelly. The uncorroborated statement of Burton, however, must be taken *cum grano salis*, and is open to strong suspicion.

Sir Philip Musgrave warned the Countess of Christian's treachery while he was still with her in Castle Rushen. There have been insular writers who have endeavoured to defend William Christian, and regarded him as a martyr; but there can be no gainsaying the evidence of the *Mercurius Politicus* of November, 1651 A.D., which published the letter of Hugh Moore.

There are circumstances that would lead to the supposition that he was false to both parties—Royalists and Parliamentarians—from some of the evidence that was adduced at his trial. At the

commencement of the troubles, and when first a suspicion arose as to his good faith, Christian volunteered to Governor Musgrave to take an oath of fidelity to the Countess of Derby; but afterwards, when asked why he had not done so, made the paltry excuse that 'Sir Philip did not use him kindly,' and flatly refused. The fact was, he had already gone too far with the Cromwellians to do so, for on the very same day he sent out a boat to the Parliamentary forces lying anchored in Castletown Bay, with a letter to Colonel Dunkerfield, the commander, assuring him that no opposition would be offered to his landing, and urging him to send his troops on shore at once. He further informed him that he had already caused a white flag to be hoisted on the fort at Douglas, and that all the forts, except Peel Castle and Castle Rushen, had been secured; the only two exceptions being those of Castletown and Peel.

Those few who would regard William Christian as a martyr endeavour to dispute, if not deny, this, but utterly fail in their efforts to whitewash the traitor, for the *Mercurius Politicus* of November, 1651 A.D., published a letter from a person on board one of the ships of the fleet, stating that 'A man named Hugh Moore, a Manxman, employed by Mr. Receiver Christian, the Chief of the island, and others, had come on board with letters to assure us that we should have no opposition in landing, but might securely come under the forts, which, he said, he had already taken possession of for us.'



WILLIAM CHRISTIAN, RECEIVER-GENERAL
(ILLIAM DHÔAN).

From the original painting in possession of Henry Fraser Curwen, Esq., J.P., at Workington Hall, Cumberland.

[*To face p.* 48.

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A still further corroboration of his treachery is the fact that Cromwell's Government was so well pleased and satisfied with Christian for what he had done, that the Journals of the House of Commons for December, 1651 A.D., contain a resolution confirming the proposal of the Council of State, 'That the Receiver-General and his brother, *two of the ablest and honestest* gentlemen on the island, should be called before the Council to give information respecting the laws of the Isle of Man.'

This brother of William Christian was Ewan Christian, one of the two Deemsters of the island.

The troops landed immediately after the reception of Christian's letter; surrounded Castle Rushen on October 27, 1651 A.D.; and on the same day Christian went to the castle, where in an interview with the Countess of Derby, he handed her a letter from Colonel Dunkerfield, demanding her surrender.

This letter, in speaking of her husband, contained the words, 'the late Earl of Derby.' This abrupt announcement was the first intimation the Countess had received of the execution of her husband. Christian must, of course, have known of this long before, but had never had the decency to even hint her sad bereavement to the lady his benefactor, her husband, had confided to his care.

Finding that even the few troops in the castle had been won or bought over by Christian, both Rushen and Peel Castles were surrendered on November 3; the widowed Countess was taken prisoner, and for some time was treated with great indignity by her captors.

That any reasonable and just person can attempt to justify or even excuse William Christian for his base treachery and treason, and endeavour to make a hero and martyr of the man, is inconceivable; or to deny that the fate that ultimately befell him was anything but what he richly deserved.

Illiam Dhôan was a man that no Manxman has cause to be proud of.

The Edward Christian introduced by Sir Walter Scott into his charming novel of 'Peveril of the Peak' is a fictitious character altogether.

On the first success of Christian in betraying the Countess of Derby, and yielding up his native country to the Roundheads, Lord Fairfax, the officer appointed by Cromwell as Governor or Lord of the island, continued him in his appointment of Receiver-General, which was doubtless a part of the bargain he made with Colonel Dunkerfield at the time he delivered up the island to him and his troops. He continued in the office till 1658 A.D., in which year Fairfax, being desirous of returning to England, appointed a personal connection of his own, an old member of the Long Parliament, and one of the Regicides, a man named James Challoner, as Governor on his behalf.

Governor Challoner was not long in his new position before he had his suspicions aroused that Mr. Receiver-General William Christian was not working fairly and squarely. It is quite possible that Fairfax may have had doubts of his own on the subject, and selected Challoner to be the Governor

on the principle of 'Set a thief to catch a thief,' and did not care about personally taking any part in the unshipping the man himself—a man who had really rendered such efficient service to the Roundhead cause. However that may be, Challoner very soon discovered Christian's defalcations under his Receivership, and further that he had misappropriated also the revenues of the Bishopric.

So soon as he discovered this and obtained sufficient evidence of Christian's guilt, the Governor ordered his arrest; but with the connivance and assistance of his brother Ewan, the Deemster, the traitor fled, succeeded in making his escape, and disappeared from the Isle of Man till 1660 A.D.

He afterwards turned up in London, but by that time 'much had happened'; matters had altogether changed. The great man Oliver Cromwell was dead, and Charles II., that beauty of a monarch, had been proclaimed King. Shortly after Christian's arrival in the great city, proceedings were commenced against him for his defalcations in his Receivership of the Isle of Man. He was arrested, and locked up in the Fleet Prison, where he spent about nine months, after the expiration of which time he succeeded in getting bail, and was released. With such a sum of money, as he had defrauded the Manx Exchequer of, at his command, it was not a very difficult matter for him to obtain bail. The laws and practices concerning the procuration of bail in those days were *peculiar*.

By that time Challoner was no longer Governor of

the Isle of Man; indeed, he had been summoned somewhat peremptorily to England to answer to some of his own misdeeds, his very close connection with the regicides being not the least of them. He was so alarmed that, rather than go to London and 'face the music' awaiting him at Westminster, he took 'something called physic,' as it is quaintly described, and made away with himself.

William Christian, immediately after his release from prison, ventured back to the island, and rejoined his family. He did so under the erroneous impression that the King's Act of Indemnity held him secure from all legal consequences of his acts, there and in England. These, however—his acts of treason especially—were not against the English Crown and King, but against the Lord of Man, the Earl of Derby, his immediate feudal sovereign, who, though beheaded by the Parliamentarians, had left a son and his widowed mother, neither of whom was at all likely to either forgive or forget such baseness as his.

No sooner did they know he was within their grasp, than on September 12, 1662 A.D., Charles eighth Lord Derby issued orders to both the civil and military officials of the island to proceed immediately against him, and in consequence Illiam Dhôan was arrested. No time was lost in collecting evidence against him both at Peel and Castletown.

After considerable legal quibbles and skirmishings in both the Manx and English courts, as to what were and what were not Lord Derby's rights as

Lord of Man, and what were the powers of the House of Keys—for he had appealed to the Privy Council in London—Christian was found guilty of treason, and condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered: the usual sentence in those times.

The relatives of the condemned man were not without some power in the island, or devoid of means—the £20,000 had not all gone in procuring bail—and they prosecuted the appeal against both the accusation and the sentence. It was argued before the Privy Council with great pertinacity on both sides and dismissed. The judgment of the King in Council on William Christian's appeal case was printed as an Act of Parliament long after his execution on August 14, 1663 A.D.

After the final judgment of the King in Council was received in the island, and laid in due course before the Tynwald Court, the wife of Christian made a personal appeal to the Countess of Derby—one woman to another—praying that the brutal sentence of hanging and the other horrible accessories of quartering, etc., should not be enforced, and that the sentence be altered to shooting. Lady Derby could not resist such a prayer, and smothering all her feelings of resentment and injury, not to mention revenge, granted it.

On a bleak, cold morning, on January 2, 1663 A.D., Illiam Dhôan was marched from Castle Rushen—that same castle he had so basely betrayed—to Hango Hill, on the very estate that became the means of introduction of him to the Earl (James) of

Derby, his benefactor, and there, overlooking the sea and Castletown Bay, he was shot. Not only was the prayer of Mrs. Christian granted by the Countess, but orders were issued that her husband's body should be handed over to her.

The result is thus recorded in the registry of Kirk Malew: 'Mr. William Christian, of Ronaldsway, Receiver-General, was shot to death at Hango Hill, on January 2, 1663 A.D., for surrendering the keys of the garrison to Oliver Cromwell's army. He died most penitently and most courageously; prayed earnestly, made an excellent speech, and was next day buried in the chancel of Kirk Malew.'

Brown William Christian was not only the traitor above described, but was a bitter and cruel persecutor, in conjunction with Governor James Challoner and the Bishop of the island at that period, of the few Manx families, chiefly in the parish of St. Maughold, who had joined the Society of Friends or Quakers.

For his participation in this persecution he expressed great sorrow in his last speech, and begged to be forgiven both by the Quakers themselves and God.

The three families of John Christian of Lewaige, William Callow of Ballaglass and Ballafaile, and Evan Kerruish, were imprisoned by him and through his instigations at different times in both Castle Rushen, in Castletown, and in Peel Castle.

The endless reproaches of most of the Manx people and the English Royalists have been justly heaped upon his memory, though some historians

have maintained that resistance to the Roundhead forces would have been the extreme of rashness, and only caused unnecessary bloodshed on both sides. For his part in the Quaker persecutions no one has ever attempted to defend him.

The execution of Christian did not terminate the troubles about him. The petition to the King in Council against his sentence did not reach its destination till January 9—a week after he was shot at Hango Hill. The Attorney-General of England, having reported in favour of hearing the prisoner in person, the King deemed it was an infringement against his sovereign rights to have executed him. No doubt Charles was urged on to assert his regal powers at the instigation and solicitation of some or other of his lady favourites, who no doubt were *substantially* influenced by two of Christian's sons, George and Ewan, who had what was yet remaining of their father's £20,000 in hand.

The King's counsel called upon Lord Derby to produce the prisoner Christian, but he boldly defended his conduct on the ground that the *Act of Indemnity of the British Parliament did not apply to, and had no force in, the Isle of Man, which possessed an independent parliament and constitution of its own, in the House of Keys.* In this he was successful. His position was unassailable, but the King in Council overruled the confiscation of Christian's property, and ordered the two Deemsters of the island to be detained in custody, and condemned them to pay 1,000 marks = £600 13s. 4d., as damages

to George Christian. Long before this time Ewan Christian, the Deemster, had died, September 20, 1655 A.D., and was buried at Kirk Malew.

The estate of Ronaldsway was restored to George Christian, but in 1706 A.D. his son William was dispossessed of it by a decree of the Earl of Derby, and again ten years after an Order in Council reinstated him; but so much law, as is too frequently the case, ate up all the property of the Christian family, and to satisfy the demands for costs—that terrible demon Costs—the estate was sold in 1720 A.D.

At this period two Englishmen had married Frenchwomen, and perhaps there never was a greater contrast than between these two ladies.

The *unfortunate* King Charles I. had for his Queen Henrietta Maria, a woman who, unwittingly no doubt, was the cause of augmenting much of his ill fortune. Frivolous, weak, and never to be trusted, she was essentially an intrigante, possessed all the worst traits of her countrywomen, and was her husband's ill adviser. Had better counsels been urged upon the King when first the troubles began, he would never have lost his head. Her influence over the King was ever on the wrong side. His adversaries came to have no confidence in his promises or his word.

To the last, Cromwell and the Parliamentary leaders would have come to terms with Charles, but the unfortunate letter of his Queen that was found in the saddle-flaps of her messenger in the Old Bell Inn of Holborn, and which fell into the hands of Cromwell and Ireton—a letter that told

CHARLES, EIGHTH EARL OF DERBY.

Photo by Richard Brown, Liverpool, from the original painting at Knowsley.

[*To face p.* 56.

CHARLOTTE DE LA TREMOUILLE, WIDOW OF JAMES, THE GREAT EARL OF DERBY.

Photo by Richard Brown, Liverpool, from the original portrait at Knowsley.

[*To face p.* 57.

him she was raising troops in France to cross the Channel and destroy his enemies—destroyed all further confidence. It urged him to carry on a procrastinating negotiation with the Parliament leaders, to tell and promise them anything—in fact, to humbug them—till she could send—*not bring*—him foreign soldiers to his aid. This letter from the Queen herself convinced both Cromwell and Ireton that hereafter not the slightest trust was to be placed in the King, his promises, or his wife.

Henrietta herself had long since fled, and placed herself in safety across the sea when real trouble beset her husband. Her talked-of schemes of obtaining armed assistance were delusions—*châteaux d'Espagne*—utter failures. They only exasperated her husband's foes at the bare thought of his encouraging a foreign foe—and Frenchmen above all others—to invade their country's shores. Cardinal Richelieu, who then held the reins of power in France, was far too astute a man to allow a single regiment of French soldiers to embark on such an errand. He was one of the first men out of England who correctly gauged the character of Cromwell, and had no wish to make such a man an enemy of France.

The other Frenchwoman, an entirely different character, was Charlotte de la Tremouile, Countess of Derby. In the hour of need and peril she was at her husband's side, or acting where she could best assist him, either at Lathom House or the Isle of Man. Although conquered in the one case by the overwhelming forces of General Ireton; and in the

other basely betrayed by William Christian, she was to the last unconquered in spirit, and lived to see her murdered husband revenged, and his son reinstated in all his rights and possessions.

What a lesson in heredity do we have on tracing the history of the respective descendants of these two French ladies! Of the two sons of Henrietta Maria, neither one nor the other was either a good man or a wise, not even a respectable King. Of Charles II. the least that is said the better. James II., though an unwise King, and a bigot in the hands of priestly maladvisers, was, at any rate, an honest man, and openly acknowledged his attachment to the Romish Church. Neither one nor the other was any ornament to the British throne—far otherwise. To James's daughters, better fates befell. Mary married a wise husband, who laid the foundation for the glorious reign of her sister Anne. The race has now died out, and no more descendants of Henrietta Maria are ever likely to trouble England again.

Had Charles I. had a wife like Charlotte de la Tremouile, who can say how events might have gone? His worst enemies must ever admit he was a Christian and a gentleman, and deserved a better fate. His execution was a grave mistake.

How otherwise has it been with the descendants of the Countess of Derby! They have all of them been a credit to their country, and such as have been statesmen, that have directed the destinies of England, have done so with equal honour to themselves and the British Empire.

CHAPTER VIII.

PERSECUTION OF THE MANX QUAKERS BY ILLIAM DHÔAN AND THE BISHOP—BANISHMENT OF GOOD WILLIAM CALLOW—SUICIDE OF JAMES CHALLONER, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND.

THE following is from the first volume of 'An Abstract of the Sufferings of the People called Quakers, for the Testimony of a Good Conscience,' from the years 1650 to 1660. Published by the Assigns of J. Sowle, at the Bible, in George Yard, Lombard Street, 1733 A.D. (Section 5, Chapter IV., 'Isle of Man,' page 124 and following):

'In this Island Laws were early made against Quakers; one of which was for banishing all that came thither.

'In the 2nd month (February), 1657 A.D., William Callow of Ballafaille, was imprisoned and detained Eight weeks for publicly reproving a Priest whom he heard abusing the Quakers in his sermon to the People.

'The same William Callow and his wife were fined twenty shillings for keeping a meeting at their

house and absenting from the public worship, and suffered One month's imprisonment.

'John Christian, of Lewaigue, for the like offence was fined ten shillings, and Evan Kerruish five shillings, and the rest of the Friends then met were put into the stocks four hours on the first day of the week at the market-place in Ramsey. Soon after, an order was issued for making distress for the fines, and they took from William Callow about five bushels of Oats; John Christian, five bushels of Oats; Evan Kerruish, a New Blanket, worth 7s. 6d.

'The Corn was laid in William Christian's* barn, and the Priest on the next first day gave public notice for the Poor of the Parish to go thither and take some Corn, which the Governor had ordered to be given them, but some poor people of his own hearers answered: "That it had been more charity to give his own goods to the poor than other men's, and that they would receive none of it."

'However, some of the poor went to the place with the priest and soldiers, and William Callow himself went also. The priest several times desired the poor to hold their bags; but none would. The priest then, looking angry on William Callow, who stood still and said nothing to the people:

'"Why don't you take the Corn? Is there anyone here that has aught to do with the Corn, or saith it may not be given to the poor?"

'This he spake with the intention to have drawn William Callow to say something, but could not.

* Illiam Dhôan, the Receiver-General.

'The poor stood looking about; and at length one by one went out, leaving the Priests and the soldiers with the Corn lying before them.

'On being threatened by the Parson on the next Sunday with the displeasure of the Governor if they did not take the Corn—

'Only one hardened man would take any, and he said vauntingly to the rest:

'"You are so proud you will not take it: I have got this, and there will be more of his goods taken before this be eaten; and I'll get more."

'This man's name was Coole; but so it was, that before he had eaten what he took, he was taken by Death. This the other Poor interpreted as a judgment upon him; and rejoiced that they had kept themselves clear. The rest of the Corn lay till it was spoiled, for nobody would take it: and then was said to be cast into the streets for the horses and swine.

'A variety of similar persecutions were ordered by William Christian, and a warrant issued by James Challoner, the Governor, for the imprisonment of these sturdy Quakers.

'This Governor Challoner had been one of the Old Long Parliament, and upon the King's return (Charles II.) was sent for to London, as it was thought, to be tried among the Regicides: the day he should have went he took something called Physic, which killed him within a day or two. He had been a violent persecutor, and was heard to say a little before his death that ere long he would rid the Island of Quakers.

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'In the 7th month of the same year, 1659 A.D., the Priest procured from the said Challoner a warrant for imprisoning William Callow and Evan Christian for refusing to pay him tithes.

'One morning, as soon as they came on shore, having been all night in the wet and cold at sea (for they were fishermen as well as farmers), they were hurried to prison in their wet cloaths and detained several days, in the midst of their Herring Fishing, the most advantageous season for their business; though they lost not thereby, for the night next after they were released they caught as many fish as they were able to bring on shore, so that they could not but gratefully acknowledge a peculiar Hand of Providence attending them. The next morning the Priest's son came to their sacks, and without their consent took out what fish he pleased.

'In the third month, 1660 A.D., the Priest again procured the Governor's warrant, and sent William Callow and Evan Christian and others to Prison, some for Tithes of Corn; some for Twopence each for Bread and Wine; others for a day or two's Tithe of Fish, not worth a Penny, for which frivolous demands they were kept in prison sixteen days.'

Extract from the second volume of the same (from the year 1660 to the year 1670). Published by the same parties, 1738. (Section 5, No. 3, page 217):

'In the year 1662, William Callow and Evan Christian, for refusing to pay, the former sixteenpence and the latter twopence, demanded by the

Priest for Bread and Wine for the Sacrament, were Committed to a Prison called St. German's in Castle Peel, and were kept there close lockt up in a Dungeon (under a yard where dead Corps lay buried), without Fire, Candle or Bedding, having only some Straw to lie on, and a Stone for their Pillow. Here they lay sixteen days, till some of their neighbours, of mere pity, unknown to them, paid the money, otherwise they might have perished there, their rigid Persecutors, two Priests, of whom one was the Complainant, and the other being a Judge of the Bishop's Court, granted his warrant for their Commitment, appearing by their actions to value the Lives of two honest and innocent Men at less than Eighteenpence.

'In the 5th month of the Same Year, the said William Callow and Evan Christian, with some others, were Cast into Prison, and kept there ten Days for being absent from the Public Worship.

'And in the Tenth Month of the Same Year, those two named and six others were taken out of a Meeting and Carried to Castle Rushen, where they were imprisoned in an high Tower, without Fire or Candle, in the Cold Winter Season, fifteen Weeks. Only William Callow, after some Months' Imprisonment, appealed to the Earl of Derby, and was permitted to go to London and make an Application to him, from whom he procured a Warrant for the discharge of himself and the rest.

'In the year 1663, the said William Callow and Evan Christian, with the said Evan's Father, Eighty

years of age, were Committed to Peel Castle, under pretence of absence from Church, but after sixteen days were set at Liberty by order of the Bishop, who came to the Island to be sworn.

'In the year 1664 they, with some others, were again imprisoned by means of an order from two Priests, Judges of the Bishop's Court, in Peel Castle, and kept there from the 22nd of the 3rd month, 1664, till the 7th of the 7th month, 1664.

'A few days after their Commitment, William Callow's Family was visited with Fever, particularly his Wife, on whom the weight and care of his Worldly Concerns lay in his absence, Continued very ill about four Months, insomuch that many thought she was at the Point of Death, at which time her Husband, a Prisoner fifteen miles off, was, not without much Importunity of the neighbourhood, permitted by the Bishop to go and visit her, for two Days only.

'She was not yet well recovered, when the Apparator or Sumner, on the 18th of the 8th Month, 1664, Came to her and the rest of the Women Called Quakers on the Island with an order from the Bishop to Carry them all to Prison, where the men had all been, they being, as he said, both Men and Women Excommunicated, of which they knew nothing, till he told them, having never been Cited to appear at any Court, nor made acquainted of any Legal Proceeding against them. As he was conveying the Women, six in number, towards the Prison William Callow's wife was found so weak, that she could

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PEEL CASTLE IN 1640.

Photo by Richard Brown, Liverpool, from an old painting at Knowsley.

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neither set on a Horse, nor go on Foot, wherefore the Sumner having represented her case to the Bishop, was ordered to let her be Carried Home again. The other Five, namely, Jane Christian, aged 74; Jane Kennell, aged 66; Anne Christian, a poor serving-man's wife, having three Children, one of whom sucking at her breast she took to prison with her; Mary Callow, the wife of one not Called a Quaker, but having a large Family of many Children; and Mary Christian, a servant of William Callow's, whom they brought away from her sick mistress; were all Carried to Castle Peel to the Place called St. German's Prison and put into the aforesaid Dungeon under the Burying Ground, where the men also were. When the Sumner had brought them to the lowest or deepest part of that dismal Dungeon, he took off his Hat, and very formally pronounced what he called the Bishop's Curse, to this Effect, namely,: "I do here, before the standers by, deliver you up into St. German's Prison, by the Law of my Lord the Bishop, and his Clergy, you being Persons Cast out of the Church by Excommunication, and I do take witness that I do deliver you over from the Power of the Bishop and his Laws, to be and Continue the Earl of Derby's Prisoners."

'What he meant thereby the Prisoners knew not, for there was no Body present but himself and them, however having so said, he left them and they lay there many Months after, enduring the Hardships of a Close and unhealthy Confinement, the Cruel Mercies of the Bishop and his Clergy.

'On the 15th of the 4th Month, 1665, Henry Nowell, Deputy Governor, came to the Castle and read to the Prisoners an order from the Earl of Derby, that they must be forthwith transported into some other Land.

'On the 29th of the same Month, Thomas Harrison and John Woods, two Priests, came to the Prisoners and told them they were come by the Deputy-Governor's order, to admonish them to conform to the Church, otherwise they must be banished forthwith.

'On the 5th of the Month Called September, 1665, an order came to the Commander of the Castle to send all his Quaker Prisoners to Dowglass, which on the 7th was done, where they were kept guarded by soldiers till the 13th, and then put on Board Ship, where one Thomas Brittain was Master; as the Prisoners Came on Board, the Seamen all went out on the other side the Ship into the Cock Boat and told the Master—"They were not hired to Carry People out of their Native Country against their Wills, neither would they go with him if he Carried them," and so rowed away to the Shore, leaving him only a Boy or two. The Master finding his men resolute, and that he could not perform his voyage without them, conferred with the Soldiers, and sent the Prisoners on Shore again, which being done, the Seamen returned to the Ship and set Sail.

'About three Days after Several other Ships came into the Road, but all refused to Carry the Prisoners. The Soldiers would have forced them on board one Anthony Nicholson, a Whitehaven Man, but

he stoutly opposed it, saying he would Carry no Prisoners, Except they would send a Guard of Soldiers and Money to maintain both the Prisoners and them, and also signify in writing the Crime laid to their Charge; adding, That if they were such Dangerous Persons as were unworthy to live in their own Country, he would not trust them on board, lest they should Over Power him and take his Vessel away.

'However, on the 18th of the 7th Month about Midnight, four of the Prisoners, namely, William Callow, Evan Christian, Jane Christian, and Mary Callow, were hurried out of their Beds (not having time allowed them to put on their Clothes, but some of them were left behind) and by Force two of them were put on board Nicholson's Ship and the other two on Board William Crossthwaite's, another Man of Whitehaven, against the Will of the Masters, from one of whom the officer detained his Sails, and would not let them go off without the Prisoners. So they sailed to the Haven of Dublin in Ireland, where neither Prisoners nor Seamen were suffered to land, till one of the Masters, William Crossthwaite, was examined by the Mayor, who demanded his Order or Warrant for bringing Prisoners without their Consent, to which he said That he had no warrant, but was Compelled to take them on Board by one Quayle, an Officer who took away his sails, and would not let him put off without them, and that his Vessel was in danger of breaking—so the Mayor issued an order for his Carrying them back

again in his own ship; and accordingly he did so, but either being or pretending to be put by the Island by Contrary Winds, he Carried them to Whitehaven in Cumberland, as appears by a certificate signed by his own hand and attested by his Seamen.

'The Prisoners having informed a Justice of the Peace of their Condition, he gave out an order for the said William Crossthwaite to Carry them back to the Island.

'He took them on board his Ship again on the 12th of the 10th Month, but instead of landing them in the Island, Carried them again to Dublin; but was not suffered to land there, till he had given Security to convey them to the Island on his return. After which Security given, they landed, and on the 25th of the Same Month, Came on Board again. But he contrary to his engagement returned with them to Whitehaven. Thus were these poor People harassed and tossed up and down in the Cold Winter Season. Being landed again in England, the two men went to the Earl of Derby, and while they were employed in fruitless solicitations to him and the Bishop, Crossthwaite Carried the two Women back to the Island. A few Days after, his Vessel was driven on shore by a Violent Storm and some Passengers with almost all his goods were lost.

'Being Come to the end of the Period of Time Proposed we must leave our afflicted friends in the Midst of Trouble, the men addressing the Earl and Bishop and the Women returned again to the Dungeon.

'Their Sufferings Continued Several Years after, of which the Reader may expect a further Account at the Publication of our Fourth Volume.'*

As will be seen by the copy of his own entries in his Bible, on page 70, William Callow resided in Hozier Lane, where he supported himself by working at a coachbuilder's. He afterwards obtained permission from the Earl of Derby to return to his native land, and died there on August 11, 1676, aged only forty-seven. He and most of his fellow-suffering Quakers were buried on the rugged top of a hill in Maughold parish, without any inscription on the flat stones that cover their graves, cut out of the solid rock. They were either too good or too bad to be allowed Christian burial in the consecrated ground of Kirk Maughold Churchyard.

He has ever since been known as 'Good William Callow,' and his memory is still revered by many a Manx miner and fisherman.

Ann Callow survived her husband till February 3, 1708, when she died at the ripe old age of seventy-five.

* There have been but three volumes of these accounts of persecutions of Quakers published. Volume iii. contains nothing about the Manx Quakers; and volume iv., although *promised*, has evidently never been issued. I have searched the British Museum without finding more than three, and they were only abridged ones; inquired at Mr. Quaritch's, who has only three, and also at the headquarters of the Friends' Society, at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate Street, London, without success. In 1756 an abridged edition of the three volumes, and no more, edited by Joseph Besse, was published.

To Mr. John Christian Faragher, late of Athol Street, Douglas, and now residing in the South African Republic of the Transvaal, for many years proprietor of the *Mona's Herald*, now the possessor of the Bible of Good William Callow, and also of the very interesting and scarce 'History of the Quakers,' I am indebted for the foregoing particulars, he having kindly lent me the three books, in 1873 A.D., when I copied all relating to the Manx Quakers *in extenso*. They are now with him some ninety miles on the other side of Johannesburg, in the Transvaal.

The Ruillick-ny-Quackeryn, or old Quaker burying-ground, is often visited with great interest by such 'Friends' as go to the island; one of whom was that sturdy and truly consistent man John Bright.

The following is copied from the blank page at the back of the title-page of the New Testament in the Bible of William Callow, imprinted in London by Robert Barker and John Bell, 1630 A.D., now in the possession of John Christian Faragher, Esq., who, like myself, is a descendant of Good William Callow the Quaker:

'I, Will Callow, of Ballafaill, Manxman, who have been banished out off ye Isle off Man, by ye Bishop and Priests for Conscience towards God above two years and 3 months ffrom my deare Wife and tender Children and have bought this Book ye rate 8. 10^{d} in London, where I am now in Robert Bridge's house, in Hozier Lane, Coache Maker, near Smithfield, I say this day being ye first of ye 11th month in ye

yeare 1667. As witness my owne handwriting ye day and yeare above said.'

Hozier Lane is the next turning to Cock Lane, the corner of which was called Pye Corner, and was the place where the great Fire of London, 1666 A.D., stopped, having commenced at a baker's shop in Pudding Lane, Eastcheap, in the City of London, on Friday, September 2 of that year.

* * * * *

Since the above was written and in type, I have been favoured by Mr. W. Crewdson, of St. Leonard's-on-Sea, a member of an old Quaker family, with the loan of a copy of the books I have hitherto searched for elsewhere in vain—a reprint of the edition of 1733 A.D., that I have quoted, and published in 1753 A.D. by Luke Hinde, at the Bible, in George Yard, Lombard Street.

One volume gives many further particulars of further persecutions very similar to those I have mentioned; and recounting the fact that after his return from London to the island William Callow was again arrested and shipped off, by Henry Nowell, the Governor, to Virginia, without his wife and family, on board a vessel called the *Tangier Merchant;* but after leaving the Isle of Man the sailors refused to proceed to sea with him—'an innocent man'—and compelled the captain to put him on shore near Dublin, from whence he afterwards returned to his home and family.

CHAPTER IX.

THIRD AND LAST SALE OF THE ISLAND BY THE DUKE OF ATHOL TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT—ORIGIN OF THE CONTRABAND TRADE—RAPACITY OF THE MURRAY AND ATHOL FAMILIES—RIOTS AND DISTURBANCES—BISHOP MURRAY DISAPPOINTED ABOUT HIS POTATOES—HURRIED DEPARTURE OF THE ATHOLS FROM THE ISLAND.

NOTHING worthy of note took place in the Isle of Man from the time of the Restoration till 1703 A.D., when the good and celebrated Bishop Wilson, of whom more will be said hereafter, obtained from the Lord of Man and the House of Keys the Act of Settlement, very justly called the Manx Magna Charta, which is considered one of the most important occurrences in the civil history of the island.

By it all the tenures of the land were finally and satisfactorily established, and their descent from father to son assigned in perpetuity, on the payment of certain small dues to the Lord of the Island.

From this period may be dated quite a new era in the history of the island. It not only again changed hands—the Lordship going to the Duke of Athol, in

THE MOST NOBLE JOHN, FOURTH DUKE OF ATHOL, MARQUIS AND EARL OF ATHOL AND OF TULLIBARDINE, K.T., P.C., ETC., EARL STRANGE OF KNOCKING, AND THE LAST LORD OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

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right of his wife, the Lady Amelia Sophia Stanley,* a daughter of the great James, Earl of Derby, and his redoubtable Countess—but its inhabitants took to a new occupation.

Commerce was, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, beginning to take some of those rapid strides that have so astonished everyone in modern times. The Manx people, one and all, caught the commercial fever strongly. It was soon seen how admirably the position of Mona's Isle, situated in the mid-channel of the Irish Sea, was adapted for carrying on a large trade. The trade, however, that the Manxmen took to with such energy was the contraband trade.

The old sea-roving spirit of their Viking and Norse forefathers seemed to have broken out afresh, and seized upon the whole community. Piracy had for many years been discarded and abandoned, and now smuggling took its place.

The very lawlessness of the smuggling trade gave it a peculiar charm in their eyes. The island became one vast depôt for foreign goods of every description, which were legally and openly imported from all parts at mere nominal and insignificant duties. These goods were 'run' to the different shores of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Shipbuilders in the island vied with each other in producing the fastest vessels. The Manx clipper cutters and schooners were the greyhounds of the Irish Sea, and far out-

* The portrait of this lady when a child is given on the frontispiece, with her parents, the Earl and Countess of Derby.

sailed the cruisers the English Government sent to try and capture them, while their captains and crews were among the very best, smartest, and most expert seamen of the British Isles—second to none.

So great had this contraband commerce become, and such serious effect did it have on the English Custom revenue, that in 1764 A.D. it was determined by the Imperial Parliament to blockade the shores of the Isle of Man, and a number of ships of war, principally cutters, were stationed round the island for the purpose. The Manx, having once tasted the fruits of the contraband profits, were quite unwilling to forego them. The very dangers now attendant on the trade gave a zest and a spice to it, and so great did the evil at last become, that in 1765 A.D. proposals for the purchase of the island from the Athol family were brought forward by the English Government, and ministers having introduced measures into Parliament for the more effectual prevention of the illicit trade of the Isle of Man, which very seriously injured both the English and Irish revenues, the Duke and Duchess of Athol agreed to surrender the sovereignty and revenues to the British Crown for a cash payment of £70,000, and an annuity of £2,000 from the Irish revenue.

The Duke reserved the manorial, mineral, and certain other rights, including the patronage of the Church, which were made the subject of an after purchase for £2,000 a year, granted as an annuity to the Duchess.

This arrangement was carried out by the same

blundering Ministry that attempted to tax the unrepresented American Colonies, an attempt which drove them into a rebellion that resulted in the loss to England of her extensive and flourishing North-American possessions—now forming the United States.

The next step by this same Government was to illegally abolish the existing Customs duties of the Isle of Man that had been hitherto imposed by the joint sanction of the Lord of the Isle and the House of Keys, confirmed by the Tynwald Court. They then, in 1767 A.D., passed an Act in the English Parliament imposing entirely new Customs duties at much higher rates—though not so high as those levied at the English Customs—which yielded a large and yearly increasing revenue far beyond the Manx expenditure.

The Isle of Man, being weak, and ruled at that time by the Duke of Athol as Lord, who cared for nought else but his own personal interests, and a House of Keys composed of members either appointed by himself or self-elected, could not resist the imperious interference of the English Parliament.

The Duke of Athol having got his purchase money for his rights in the island—or, rather, a portion of them—was so far, for the time, content, and troubled himself but little as to how his Manx subjects fared.

The fact of these increased duties producing a large surplus of revenue, which the English Government took good care to receive, and doled little or no part to the island, has been the cause of much heartburning and dissatisfaction for many years.

Were a debtor and creditor account made out, the British Exchequer must owe a considerable amount to the Isle of Man.

The Lordship of the Isle of Man now became, for the first time, vested in the Crown of England, but all its original laws and independent form of government remained as they were. Its prosperity has ever since been progressively advancing, but smuggling was carried on for many years after, though not to so great an extent, still very profitably, and it was not till the import duties on foreign goods in the Manx Customs were raised very considerably, and increased nearly to a level with the like duties in England, that the game no longer paid, and ceased to exist.

From 1781 to 1825 A.D. the Athol family were continually endeavouring to get further and greater compensation from the English Government. Like the 'horseleech's daughter,' they were everlastingly craving for more.

In 1805 A.D. they succeeded to the extent of an additional annuity of £3,000. In 1823 A.D. the appointment by the Duke of Athol of his nephew, the Rev. and Hon. George Murray, D.D., to the Bishopric of Sodor and Man, brought matters to a crisis that ended in a severance between the Isle of Man and the entire Athol family.

The new Bishop, being badly impregnated with the same complaint as all the Murrays, was not contented with the rather limited income of his see, so he endeavoured to raise a sum of £6,000 per annum out of

the green crops; *but the Manx people were not so green as to pay it.* The Bishop considered himself entitled to a tithe of all the green and growing crops of the island, and in 1825 A.D. obtained a judgment from the King in Council in his favour to collect the tithe on potatoes—a very important crop in the island.

This was a proceeding the Manx people failed to understand, and would not submit to. Tumults prevailed all over the island to such an extent that not only were the garrison of Castletown and His Majesty's regiment of Manx volunteers called out, but additional regular troops were called in from England. The Manxmen, however, nothing daunted, persevered in their resistance, and in the end the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man *had to go without his potatoes.*

The Duke of Athol himself was also most unpopular at the time. He held the office of Lieutenant-Governor of the island for the King, and in his spare moments looked after such rights as he had not sold to the Crown. Both Bishop and Duke were compelled to leave the island, where it had become *far too hot* for either of them; and the tales related of their mode of departure from Douglas would justify the supposition that their very hurried exit partook of the nature of a flight.

The English Ministers passed an Act through both Houses of Parliament in 1825 A.D., immediately after the Potato Riots and consequent departure of the Duke and his episcopal nephew, authorizing the Lords of the Treasury to make a clean purchase from

the Duke of Athol of all his claims of every kind whatever.

A valuation was arrived at by the arbitrators, and in 1829 A.D. the ever generous and patient British public had the pleasure of paying His Grace of Athol no less a sum than £416,114.

This little bill was made up of the following interesting items, viz.:

	£
Customs revenue	150,000
Rents and alienation fines	34,000
Tithes, mines and quarries	132,114
Patronage of the Bishopric, with fourteen advowsons, the aggregate value of which was £6,000 a year	100,000
	£416,114

This was the third and last time this little spot on the ocean, the Isle of Man, changed hands by sale and purchase, viz.: First, by King Magnus V. of Norway to Alexander III. of Scotland; secondly, by Sir William le Scroop, Earl of Wiltshire; and, thirdly, by the Duke of Athol to the English Crown. It is devoutly to be hoped the third sale may continue to be a lucky one. The Manx people are very well satisfied with it; and nowhere in her dominions will Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria find more loyal and devoted subjects than in the little Isle of Mona.

On the final settlement being carried out, Colonel Smelt was appointed Lieutenant-Governor, and continued so till his death, on November 29, 1832 A.D., in the eighty-fifth year of his age. So much was

this Governor respected by the inhabitants that they have erected a monument to his memory on the Parade at Castletown.

Colonel Smelt was succeeded by Colonel Ready, who also held office till he died, on July 9, 1845 A.D.

One of the functions of the Lieutenant-Governor is to act as Chancellor; and as military men, generally speaking, are not over-learned in the law, the Crown, on the decease of Colonel Ready, in deference to the expressed wishes of the Manx people, appointed the Honourable Charles Hope, at that time M.P. for Linlithgow, and a member of both the English and the Scottish Bars, to the post of Governor.

Mr. Hope was brother to the gallant Adrian Hope who so gloriously fell on the plains of India, and was also uncle to the Earl of Hopetoun of that day.

For some years previous to the passing of the Free Trade measures of Sir Robert Peel, and the subsequent equalization of the Manx and English Import Duties, a certain part of the year—July, August, and September—known as the licensing time, was set aside for the importation of exciseable goods, and no importations were permitted at any other time. This was to put an entire stop to any smuggling there might have remained. During the open season or license time private families were allowed to import wines, spirits, tea, etc., for their own use at mere nominal duties. There was a certain very liberal allowance for each family, according to their number, that regulated the amount of each description of duty-paying goods permitted to be imported.

Every family was entitled to a certificate or permit, which could either be used to import goods for their own consumption or sold to the wine-merchants, grocers, and others trading in those articles. In the cases where the licensees imported their own goods it was customary for several heads of families to join together in the purchase of a hogshead, or 'piece,' as it was called, of brandy, or whatever other spirit they preferred, except whisky, which was altogether prohibited, though it *could* be obtained *sub rosa*, and was known as 'No. 2.' The same co-partnership extended to casks of wine, chests of tea, and all exciseable goods. Many persons who had been in the habit of so importing wines and spirits regularly for many years had in their cellars both brandy and wine that had been bottled by them from twenty to forty years, and rare good stuff it was. How these distributions were effected had better be told from my own experience in 1844 A.D.

A 'piece' of brandy that had been imported by a small syndicate, consisting of an uncle of mine, Dr. Burman, and a few of his neighbours, having arrived, was taken to a barn about a mile from his house at Norfolk Place, on the slope of Grebah Mountain, where it was to be divided among the various families who had co-operated in its purchase and importation. To me my uncle, an old gentleman dreading fatigue, deputed the task of representing him, and seeing to its fair and equal distribution.

When I arrived at the barn with the old doctor's servant, a certain Billy Watterson—who, before start-

ing, was solemnly sworn to refrain from tasting a single toothful of the Cognac just arrived direct from Charente—I found the other parties waiting our arrival with the all-important large-sized gimlet wherewith to tap the cask. It had been already hoisted on to a carpenter's bench, as the most convenient place for the purpose. There were several gallon, half-gallon, and other measures, and a clean crock was placed handy to catch any spillings. After calling out the names from the list the Doctor had provided me with, and ticking off the name of each individual or his accredited representative, I proceeded to bore a hole in the head of the cask, when out rushed the richly-coloured fluid. Pale brandy was not in vogue then; it was brown—brown and nothing else. Each one in turn had a gallon measureful handed to him, and, as everyone had come provided with stone bottles or jars, of all sorts, sizes, and makes, the filling them through funnels was an easy matter. Of course, everyone was eager to sample and taste; Billy Watterson, however, true to his oath, looked on and longed, but tasted not. In due time the cask was empty, everyone had got his share, and I had checked my tally of the distribution. All were very jovial, and some were a little—ay, indeed, a good deal more so—'Just a wee drap in the e'e,' if not a little 'fou.'

The bottles and jars were all hoisted into the several carts and other conveyances, ranging from a couple of wheelbarrows and farm carts to an outside Irish jaunting-car; plenty of hay and straw had been

used as 'dunnage' to the bottles. One by one they all took their departure; with some of them, who had mountain roads to travel, it was quite a speculative guess as to how many breakages would occur before home was reached, and more than one of the drivers looked very doubtful of ever reaching their destination at all. When everyone had started but ourselves, Billy and I, with the help of a lad who had only looked on from the barn-door, loaded our own little pony-cart, not only with our share of the brandy, in good brown stone jars, but the empty cask, which was my uncle's perquisite for his having bossed the business of the importation; and started for Norfolk Place. As we drew near Ballagaraghan, a horse and cart, at a standstill, nearly blocked the road.

The horse was feasting on some hay that had evidently fallen from one of the conveyances that had gone on before, and the driver, whom Billy recognised as the representative of a retired Douglas draper (one Peter Looney), lay at the bottom of the vehicle—blind, speechless, and utterly incapable of ever getting home. So Billy acted the part of the good Samaritan in mounting up and driving off to old Looney's, while I proceeded home and explained matters to the doctor, who, when he saw me alone, was sadly afraid that Watterson had lapsed into sin and I had left him behind.

The distribution of other goods, of a less potent description than Cognac, was not so liable to lead the messengers astray.

At this time I remember there was a curious regulation in force. Every traveller over the sea from the island to Liverpool or elsewhere in England was allowed to have as 'sea store' an imperial quart of spirits, the *cork of which must be drawn.* Quite a trade was done by the Douglas grocers in supplying passengers on the eve of their departure for England with bottles of brandy—the bottle holding exactly an imperial quart—with which they walked on shore at Liverpool or elsewhere, boldly defying any Customs officer to interfere with them. While the male passengers took brandy, the ladies generally took eau de Cologne, in which quite a roaring trade was carried on by the Douglas tradesmen.

CHAPTER X.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF THE ISLAND—ARRIVAL OF ST. PATRICK AND APPOINTMENT OF ST. GERMANICUS FIRST BISHOP OF MAN—THE LEGEND OF ST. MAUGHOLD—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ACADEMIC SCHOOL AT CASTLETOWN BY BISHOP ISAAC BARROW, THE PRECURSOR OF KING WILLIAM'S COLLEGE.

> 'Men will wrangle for Religion—
> Write for it—fight for it—
> Anything but *live* for it.'
>
> LACON.

HAVING traced the vicissitudes of the Isle of Man from the earliest ages to the present era, it will be well to briefly relate its ecclesiastical and domestic history.

An eminent Manx lawyer wrote some years ago as follows: 'The peculiar unity of Church and State in this Island, and the ancient prerogative of its Kings to be "Metropolitan and Chief of Holy Church," have made the Civil and Ecclesiastical Statutes to flow from one National Authority, and to be comprehended in one volume.' The historical occasion for the writing of the laws at first was the contest

for supremacy between the priesthood of Rome and the insular authorities. This was in A.D. 1414, when the Statute Laws were written for the meetings of the commons of Man.

Again he writes: 'It is now nearly five hundred years since England, under influences sacerdotal and Lollard burning, had recklessly invaded France; but ere the laurels of Agincourt were all torn from her child-guided hands (Henry VI.) by the Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc, the little Manx nation, led by their King, a follower of Wycliffe, assembled mid the darkness—a Morning Star of the Reformation—and put down Papal Sanctuaries, set up the Anti-Sacerdotal "Laws of the Land of Man"; and in the very centre of the British Isles supplanted the Papacy, and freed itself from Rome.'

From that date till now, on no land has more toleration in religion existed. At this present time all sects and religions are free, and no license is required for any man to preach.

The first mention of Christianity being introduced into the Isle of Man is in Capgravius's 'Life of Joseph of Arimathea,' in which he mentions one Mordains, a King of that isle, being converted about 63 A.D.

This is very doubtful; but if true, Christianity had a very early introduction there, and certainly does not seem to have flourished.

Hector Boetius, the historian, tells of one Amphibatus, who was Bishop of the island in a very early age; but I think it may be taken for certain that to St. Patrick belongs the honour of being the first

bearer of the cross to Mona's Isle. No one of any great learning, except Archbishop Spotswood, places the slightest reliance on either of these other statements being true. The Archbishop also speaks of Cratilinth being a King of Man in 277 A.D., who made it his special business to extirpate Druidism, and drive all the Druid priests out of the island; and, moreover, he erected a stately church to the honour of our Saviour.

It is somewhat extraordinary that the Manx people have preserved no memory of this early conversion of their ancestors. No remains of any such church are known to exist.

As both St. Alban and Amphibatus suffered martyrdom in 305 A.D., and, according to Matthew Paris, the body of Amphibatus was found at Radburn, near St. Albans, in 1178 A.D., the probability is he was never in the Isle of Man at all, either to be its Bishop or build a church.

It is very evident that at one time Druidism, in all its glory, prevailed in Mona. There are those who say that pure Druidism was identical with the religion of Noah and his family, previous to the dispersion of Babel.

Be this as it may, Druidism, as described by ancient Roman writers, was as far removed from anything practised by Noah and his family as the religion now preached from the Vatican is from that of the Apostles.

On the advent of the different Scandinavian Norsemen in the Isle of Man, Druidism was supplanted by the worship of Odin, Thor, and other deities of

that class. Remains are plentiful all over the island of the temples of both religions.

In the year of grace 444 A.D., the great apostle known as St. Patrick, accompanied by thirty other religious men, having set out on his voyage to Ireland, was compelled by stress of weather to seek shelter on the shores of the Isle of Man, and first landed on the small islet in Peel Bay, on which Peel Castle was subsequently built, and which has ever since gone by the name of St. Patrick's Isle.

The holy man made a long stay of three years in Mona before resuming his voyage to Ireland, during which time he and his assistants sowed the seeds of Christianity and preached the Gospel. Most marvellous are some of the tales related of his miracles and his astonishing success in the conversion of the Manx people.

He founded a church on the isle, the ruins of which are still extant. It bears his name, and previous to his departure from Mona for the shores of Erin he appointed St. Germanicus as the first Bishop of Man, to whom the cathedral of the diocese, also in ruins and within the walls of Peel Castle, on St. Patrick's Isle, was dedicated.

St. Patrick seems to have had a deep-rooted antipathy to all kinds of reptiles. He was, in fact, 'death on snakes.' He treated the Isle of Man in the same kind manner that he did Ireland, and served every snake, toad, and other repulsive reptile with short notice to quit; and quit they did, never having returned again. Whether St. Patrick confined his

experiments to reptiles or extended them to some of the other animals is not known, but it may be possible that to the holy man's operations may be due the fact that the indigenous cats, fowls, and sheep of the Isle of Man are without tails.

The next Bishop of any note after St. Germanicus was St. Maughold.

The Legend of St. Maughold.

Around our memories of the hardy Norsemen there cling the ideas of brave and valiant warriors, whose gallant deeds form the theme of many a song and spirit-stirring tale of daring acts, of war and conquest, accompanied by a rough chivalry that, in spite of a somewhat savageness that ever accompanied their acts, compels an admiration for these heroes.

No doubt but many cruel deeds were the results of their expeditions, but none of them which devastated the coasts of the western shores of Scotland and the northern parts of Ireland were more disastrous and accompanied by so great barbarities as those of the pirate Machutus, who devastated the northern coasts in the fifth century. Of all the sea-rovers he and his crew were the most dreaded, for wherever his solitary ship visited, he spared neither man, woman nor child. Not only plunder, but murder and rapine, in their most brutal forms, were ever the result of his descent upon any unprotected village near the shores of the seas that were ploughed by his keel.

Unlike others of the Vikings, he sailed with one ship only, and the sombre black flag that flew from

her mast-head was veritably the precursor of the 'Jolly Roger'—skull and crossbones—that the buccaneers of the Spanish main a thousand years after adopted as their dreaded ensign. The reputation of him and his crew spread far and wide; and wherever his barque and its black flag came in sight it was the signal for all the people dwelling near the coast to pack up their goods and chattels—all the movables they possessed—and with their women and children make the best of their way inland, to hide in the forests and among the hills, far out of the reach of the Norse robber Machutus and his savage pirate crew.

After a more than usually prosperous cruise along the Irish coast, as far south as the entrance of Lough Strangford, spreading death and desolation wherever he landed, he thought the Lough would be a highly suitable place to carry out some necessary repairs to his vessel, and ventured up the inland sea to a little cove he deemed a safe spot for his purpose. He placed her on the shore and proceeded to carry out the much-needed refit and repair.

Little did he suspect what a veritable trap he had entered. As he had run southerly along the coast, a few survivors from the last scene of murder and rapine he and his crew had indulged in, followed along the hilltops, and ever keeping watch upon the course of his pirate craft, tracked her progress night and day. So soon as they saw where he had careened his ship, and that he was virtually in the power of an attacking enemy, they despatched some of their number inland,

in all directions, with the news, calling on the several chieftains to hasten to Strangford Lough and take the dreaded Machutus at so great a disadvantage as must surely render his escape impossible.

The chieftains all around at once 'buried the hatchet' over their own quarrels and disagreements to unite against so notable a common enemy to them all, and marched down to where the rover was refitting.

The watchers left behind saw with great anxiety the progress made by their cruel enemy for departure, fearful, at every tide that came in, the Norsemen would refloat their ship and set sail. On the fourth evening one of their messengers arrived with the news that a strong force of fighting-men were near at hand, only waiting for the darkness of night to make their attack. The command of the little army was unanimously given to a chieftain named Carrick O'Clure, who was a warrior of great experience. As soon as he had reconnoitred the position, he gave orders for a number of his men to collect wood, hay and straw—anything that would burn—and that at a signal he would give, when his other warriors were attacking the pirates, they were to hasten down to the shore, each loaded with inflammables, and pile up their burdens beneath and alongside the ship on the side nearest the water, and set fire to them.

Carrick O'Clure had a special crow of his own to pick with Machutus, and a deep-seated desire for revenge against the Norseman, for in one of that pirate's raids, conducted in his usual style, a fair sister of O'Clure's, the six months' bride of a Scottish

laird, fell a victim to the lust of Machutus, after seeing her husband butchered before her eyes. He gave orders that if possible the dreaded pirate was to be captured alive, and every effort was to be made to do so, but under any circumstances he was not to be allowed to escape. No quarter was to be given to the crew; every man was to be slain without mercy.

Machutus that evening little dreamed of such danger being near him. He surveyed his ship at low water. All her repairs were completed, and he determined to set sail, on fresh ventures bent, at the top of the morrow's tide. But such was not to be. Carrick O'Clure, after seeing that all his orders had been carried out, himself gave the preconcerted signal and led the attack.

The Norsemen were completely taken by surprise, but made a stout resistance to the horde of Irish who attacked them, and not only stood their ground, but, encouraged by their redoubtable leader, actually beat back their assailants for a time.

To their astonishment there suddenly appeared a bright light in the sky, and on turning to look towards their ship, behold, she was in flames, and all possible retreat cut off.

The man who commanded the party to set fire to the ship carried out his work effectually. As soon as the attack of the Irish host began, the few of the crew who were still on board their vessel seized their weapons, and, springing on shore, hastened to assist their fellows.

No sooner was this seen by the fuel-bearers than

the order was given for some of them to board the vessel and cast down into her hold a quantity of their hay and straw and fire it. In less time than it takes to tell, the pirate's barque was well alight, both inside and out. The sight of their ship in flames struck panic into the hearts of her crew, as it encouraged and gave fresh vigour to their Irish assailants, who renewed their attack and eventually overcame them. Ere the flames of the burning ship died down, but one of the Norsemen was alive. No quarter had been given to them, and their enemies were soon busily engaged in stripping off their arms and armour —a welcome and goodly prize to the victors.

The archpirate Machutus had been overpowered by numbers, captured, and bound hand and foot with stout thongs of hide—a prisoner to be dealt with on the morrow.

The flames of the burning ship lighted up the heavens far and wide. The whole country for miles round—north, west, and south—when they saw the reflection in the sky, knew their enemy was conquered and his dreaded ship destroyed.

With the morning light came numbers of the people from the inland country. Women came as well as men, and brought their children too, to view their slaughtered foes, and when it became known that the dreaded Machutus was yet alive, a prisoner, and was to be executed during the day, their joy knew no bounds ; shouts of delight went up as the news spread to fresh comers as they arrived.

At mid-day Carrick O'Clure and the other leaders

assembled to determine the manner in which their prisoner should be put to death.

The country people would have torn him to pieces had not a strong guard been appointed to protect him from their vengeance.

Hanging; drowning; burning; tortures of all kinds were suggested by the crowd when the bound prisoner was brought forward and placed before the chiefs. A sardonic and contemptuous smile was on his features as he looked around and surveyed the assembly of his captors. He was far from being cowed by the threats and howling of the mob.

Carrick O'Clure called upon the prisoner to say what excuse he had to plead against being put to immediate death.

'Carrick O'Clure,' replied the rover, 'know you not that Machutus bears a charmed and wizard life? Put your direst threats into execution: slay me how you choose. But I tell you and all assembled here that not one creature, man, woman, or child—aye, or beast of the field—that is within sound of a cow-horn's blast when death strikes me, but will die before the next full moon.' He laughed: 'Ha! ha! Slay me at once! Ha! ha! ha!'

O'Clure turned to the other chieftains:

'What think ye of this wild and threatening tale? I, for one, laugh it to scorn, and swear by Thor and Odin he shall never live to be a scourge on Ireland's coasts again. Guards, bring him hither. I myself will slay him here, and trust to what the gods and fate will send me before the next full moon.'

The guards dragged their prisoner forward. The crowd around thinned, as many of those who had heard the fearful, threatening words of the great pirate Viking slunk away, and betook themselves towards their homes.

When the guards had placed him in front of the assembled chiefs, and Carrick O'Clure stepped forward with his battle-axe in hand with which to brain the prisoner, an ancient dame advanced, and, holding up her hand, addressed the Irish warrior :

'O'Clure, soil not your weapon with the ruffian's brains or blood. Listen! What he says may be true, or may be but a crafty lie to frighten all who heard him.' Turning and pointing to the departing crowds, she continued : 'See! many now are already slinking off to get out of sound of the cow-horn trumpet. There is a way that he shall die, and yet not by the hand of any now assembled here, and not within any cow-horn trumpet sound of Ireland's shore, so that no harm shall come to any of us here.'

'How? how?' eagerly demanded Carrick O'Clure. 'Unriddle this mystery of thine, and let us hear.'

'Bound as he is, place him in a coracle. Well fastened in the little ship, launch him on the open sea. The wind blows now from north of west, and will soon waft him far away from Erin's shore.'

A number of coracles were procured, and a suitable one selected. Into this the captured pirate, after being most securely bound and every limb tied with strong thongs of dried raw hide, was lifted and lashed into the frail craft, so that it was utterly

impossible for him to extricate himself and get out—indeed, he could not move either hand or foot, nor turn his head to right or left. He lay there staring straight up to the sky and clouds above; exposed alike to wind and rain by night, and the scorching rays of the sun by day. Before the frail craft was carried down to the shore and launched upon the water, a wooden gag was forced into his mouth and firmly fixed between his teeth. No more pitiable object could be well imagined than Machutus the pirate, as he lay utterly helpless upon his back, glaring straight towards the heavens above him.

To make quite sure he should not drift again on to the Irish coast with the change of tide, it was determined that a number of boats should accompany him, and tow the little coracle and its villainous passenger well towards the shores of England or Scotland.

During the progress of the little fleet the men in the boats gave vent to every curse and vituperation they could think of; all of which were heard by the unfortunate wretch in the coracle.

At last, when the sun showed signs of approaching the mountain-tops on the Irish coast, and setting in the great western sea far beyond, O'Clure gave the signal for them to abandon the little craft and to return to their homes, casting their victim adrift to go wherever the winds and waves would take him.

A parting shout of derision arose from every boat as they were all put about, and their course directed for home.

Silence now reigned upon the waters. No more yells and shouts of his enemies were heard, and only the sighing of the rising wind and the plash of the waves on the sides of the coracle reached the prisoner's ears.

When the sun went down and night approached the wind arose, accompanied with rain. It bid fair to be a stormy night, and it was so. Not a star was to be seen, and the waning moon was shrouded as the heavy clouds were driven past.

The whilom pirate and murderer then realized how utterly hopeless was his position; both hunger and thirst assailed him, for though the rain fell in plentiful showers, not one drop reached the poor wretch's mouth, blocked up as it was with the wooden gag. He could form no idea in what direction the coracle was drifting; and knew not whither he was going. He fain would have slept, but terror-stricken thoughts haunted him. The memory of every black deed he had committed passed through his brain and almost drove him mad. Utter a prayer he could not. He knew nought of prayer; but in his thoughts he invoked Thor and Woden to let him die.

When the sun rose the next morning the weather was bright and clear. The rain had ceased, but a heavy sea tossed the frail craft about sadly. Every wave, he thought, would break over and swamp the coracle, but so light and buoyant was she that not one drop of water had surmounted her sides the whole night.

The daylight, when it came, brought an annoyance

CROSS OVER THE GRAVE OF ST. MAUGHOLD, IN THE CHURCHYARD OF KIRK MAUGHOLD.

Photo by G. B. Cowen, Ramsey.

[*To face p.* 96.

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he had not hitherto experienced. Numbers of gulls and gannets flew screaming around, peering inquisitively at the strange and lonely vessel tossing on the waves. After a while, some of the more venturesome of them alighted on the bulwarks and stared inquisitively at the curious freight the little craft contained. Their visits were repeated, and one, more venturesome than his mates, alighted on the man's breast, and after examining him attentively, first with one eye and then the other, gave a sharp peck at Machutus's face. Was he to be eaten alive, and form a feast for the wild birds of the sea?

Again the sun descended and set. Not this time behind the Irish mountains, but in the open sea; for during the last twenty-four hours the coracle had drifted far away to the eastward, and was now approaching the Point of Ayre in the Isle of Man, and the southern coast of Scotland. Of no part, however, of either place could Machutus obtain a glimpse. The sky above was all his position permitted him to behold. Up to this time the sea had been comparatively calm, and the coracle had drifted on an almost even keel, but when the shades of night again fell on Machutus and his fragile barque, the wind rose, and with it the sea. By midnight a strong westerly gale was blowing, and every moment the wretched man expected the waves to break over and swamp the coracle; but no, the little craft was so buoyant that she rose on the crest of each wave and rolled again into the trough of the sea. All through the night did the gale continue, and when the sun

arose on the morning of the third day, the sea was running so high and the little craft rolled to such an extent that for the first time Machutus could see the bright green waves as they rose high above the bulwarks.

The wind to some extent had subsided, but not so the sea; and as each wave rose threateningly above the gunwale, and the now bright sun mounted higher in the heavens, the waves assumed the transparent and translucent aspect so familiar to those who know the clearness of the water around the Manx coast.

Machutus gazed at each wave as it rose and fell beneath the rocking craft, and was horror-struck to see that every transparent wave as it mounted up seemed to contain what he imagined were the figures of men and women, shadowy, indistinct, but yet recognisable by his rudely-awakened conscience as the shapes and features of numbers of the victims of his cruelty and lust. Some scowled ferociously, others appeared to jeer. All passed silently, and no other sound but the splashing of the sea, as the little barque fell into its furrows, was heard, as the grim procession passed on through every wave that reared its threatening crest aloft. A passing cloud at last eclipsed the sun, and the waves at once lost their brilliance and transparency. No more phantoms passed before him; but a bright and shining diaphanous light suddenly broke from out the densest part of the cloud, and in its centre there was distinctly seen the shape of a Cross, gradually descending towards the coracle, and as it drew nearer the sea subsided. To his great

surprise, a Dove with outspread wings appeared in the centre of the Cross. When at last this glorious and effulgent vision of the Cross settled beside the coracle, the Dove rested upon the gunwale, and a strange indescribable feeling came over Machutus. The gag fell from his mouth, all sensation of fear and dread instantly left him.

This Cross was unlike any sight he had ever seen before. It was perfectly transparent and shadowy; the Dove had a more substantial appearance.

Presently the coracle touched the shore; the celestial Cross appeared to Machutus to move in some mysterious way. The Dove fluttered overhead, and immediately all the thongs that bound him were loosened and fell off. He rose to his feet, and it seemed to him that he was assisted in so doing by the same mysterious, unseen power he could not understand.

He looked around and saw that he stood on a rock at the foot of a stupendous cliff. How was he to climb it? He turned and looked the other way, and immediately recognised he was at the foot of the great headland, at the south-eastern extremity of the bay in the Isle of Man, now known as that of Ramsey.

Again he turned, and there was still the luminous, transparent Cross, and the mystic bird flew slowly before him up the cliff, and he was enabled by a strong mysterious irresistible power to follow it in its flight. Some invisible force drew him onwards and upwards. When he had followed the Dove some distance it

rested on the ground close to him, and Machutus perceived a little stream trickling from the rock.

Water! Oh, what a blessing! He threw himself down on his knees, and drank greedily, almost savagely, of the delicious stream. On lifting his head and seeing the Dove still there, his heart for the first time in his life was filled with gratitude, and he blessed the little rivulet.

Then he felt the same irresistible power compel him to direct his gaze across the land, over the broad valley that intervened between the ground where he stood and a lofty mountain on the other side, and he beheld two men approaching. They were dressed as he had never seen men before, and he was seized with an impulse to go towards them. As he did so, the Dove advanced before him in the same direction, and then, as he drew nearer to the strange men, both the Cross and the Dove slowly ascended towards the heaven above, and disappeared gradually into a bright white cloud.

He stood and watched them till they vanished. By that time the men had approached quite near. To his great surprise they offered him food from a wallet that one of them carried, and all three sat down together. Famished as he was, the food, though of the plainest description, was to him the daintiest and most welcome feast he had ever partaken of. When he commenced to eat, he was too eager to notice that his benefactors uttered a prayer, and asked for a blessing on their meal; but when the feast—it was indeed a feast to him—was ended, he

paid great attention to the words of thanksgiving the elder of the two men gave utterance to.

'Who are you?' inquired Machutus.

'We are disciples and priests of Jesus, who in the shape of the cross upon which He died to save sinners like you and me, has led us here to meet you and take you to our poor dwellings, there to instruct you in the knowledge of the True God, and unfold to you the unsearchable riches of the Gospel. Come, my friend and brother, come.'

* * * * *

These men were priests from St. Germain's at Peel. Germanicus had been consecrated a bishop by St. Patrick during his stay in the island. By them Machutus was taught the 'good tidings of salvation' and the love of Christ towards men.

He afterwards lived for some years in a rough hut in one of the glens on a mountain side, and spent what time he was not occupied in prayer, in helping and doing good to the poor.

The Manx people transformed his name from Machutus to Maughold, and he was beloved by the whole population of the island; so much so that when Bishop Romulus, the second successor to Germanicus, or St. Germain, died, he was unanimously nominated the most worthy man to succeed to the mitre, and was appointed Bishop of the Isle of Man.

The extensive parish of St. Maughold, on the headland of which he first landed, was named after him, and what remains of an ancient cross erected to his memory now stands in the parish churchyard.

St. Maughold's Well, the spring from which the holy man took his first drink on landing in the island, and on which occasion his heart felt the first touch of gratitude, is visited by those who know somewhat of its history; but it is not very accessible, except by those who are fairly good climbers. *It bears the reputation that no one who drinks of its water will ever die in debt.*

St. Maughold was the third Bishop of Man, and so great was his reputation for sanctity, far and wide, that the most Holy St. Bridget—that saint so often invoked by the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle—crossed the sea from Ireland to Man to receive the veil at his hands.

St. Bridget afterwards established a nunnery near to Douglas, and until a few years ago—when some Philistines removed them, to make way for what are euphoniously called modern improvements—some portions of the original building remained.

St. Bridget was born at Fochart, a village one mile from Dundalk, County Louth, in Ireland. Her father was a nobleman of Leinster, named Dublacas, of the family of Etech. He fell in love with a handmaid of his wife, named Broeseca, and Bridget was their child.

Visitors to Douglas must not confound the handsome-looking edifice in the valley—the residence of the Taubman family, and called the Nunnery—with the one founded by St. Bridget.

The old Nunnery was much nearer to Port-e-Chee, and situated on the Peel Road. Port-e-Chee—

meaning Haven of Love—is the name of a very pretty spot, and was formerly the residence of the Dukes of Athol, previous to the building of Castle Mona, on the shore of Douglas Bay, by the last Duke, who sold the remnant of his interest to the Crown, as before related. Designed for a ducal palace, Castle Mona is now a hotel. It cost the Duke of Athol £40,000.

To return to St. Maughold, who was quite a man of business, as well as a saint: one of his first acts, after assuming the Mitre, and certainly the most lasting of his deeds, was to divide the island into sixteen parishes, one of which bears his name.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BISHOPS OF SODOR AND MAN—ESTABLISHMENT OF PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS BY DR. ISAAC BARROW—DR. RUTTER'S QUAINT TOMB.

THE ecclesiastical history of Mona for the next few centuries assumes a fogginess that is difficult to penetrate or disperse. We certainly hear of a long list of bishops, some of whom—viz., St. Lomanus or Lonan, St. Rooney or Marooney, St. Connans or Conchan, and St. Brandon—have given their names to the four parishes of Lonan, Marown, Onchan, and Braddon.

In the reign of Godred III., in the middle of the twelfth century, the two sees of Man and the Southern Isles were first united under the title of Sodor and Man.

It will be well here to explain the meaning of Sodor and Man, the title given to the bishops of the present day. Many have supposed that Sodor was the name of a place. It is a corruption or abbreviation of Sodoran or Southeran Isles, and is now as meaningless as the Emperor of China's title of

RUINS OF PEEL CASTLE, PRESENT DAY.

Photo by G. B. Cowen, Ramsey.

[*To face p.* 104.

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Brother to the Moon. The isles are not included in the See of Man at the present day at all.

The union of the two sees in King Godred's time, however, seems to have had such an effect upon the Bishop *in posse*, one Wymund or Highmund or Raymond, the son of Tole, a Manxman, that it made him particularly obnoxious to the King, who very summarily first put his eyes out and then expelled him from the island altogether, and appointed a Norman monk named John in his stead.

From 1100 to 1181 A.D. the Bishops of Man were suffragans, and were always consecrated by the Archbishops of York; but in the latter year Bishop Reginald was consecrated at Drontheim, in Norway, by the Archbishop of that place; and from that time till 1334 A.D. they were suffragans of that see. In 1247 A.D. a Bishop Simon died on February 28, and was buried, after filling the see for twenty-one years, in Peel Castle. His tomb was discovered amid the ruins in 1871 A.D., and he was reinterred.

One Bishop, named Lawrence, was drowned with Harold, King of Man, and his Queen, together with a large number of the nobility, on their return voyage from Norway.

The Scottish Bishop Markus Galvadienses, who figured as arbitrator between the Scottish army under Alexander Stuart and the patriot Manxmen, in 1270 A.D., was banished and imprisoned by King Edward I. of England. He was afterwards released, and reinstated in his bishopric, but in opposition to the expressed wishes of the people. As a sort of

penance for their conduct in so giving vent to their distaste to him, he imposed on the Manx people a tax, called 'Smoke Penny,' or chimney tax, upon every house, which has never been repealed, and is still collected, as their own perquisites, by the clerks of each parish.

In 1348 A.D., William Russell, Abbot of Rushen, was elected Bishop by the unanimous vote of the clergy. He had been Abbot of Rushen for eighteen years, and was afterwards Bishop for twenty-six years. This prelate it was who freed his see from Norway, and shook off the yoke of the Archbishops of Drontheim. He died 1374 A.D.

Rushen Abbey consisted of an abbot and twelve monks. The chapel was the largest place of worship in the island except the cathedral in Peel Castle.

The first Bishop who is mentioned in the Civil Records of the island as having been appointed by Sir Thomas Stanley, in 1428 A.D., is Dr. John Spotten, from whose time the clergy no longer elected their Bishops, the patronage resting with the Lord of Man for the time being. The appointment is now in the gift of the Crown.

In 1542 A.D. Thomas Stanley was Bishop, and he dared to oppose the Bluff King Henry VIII. in his operations of taking all the prerogatives of the Church into his own hands.

Robert Ferriar, afterwards Bishop of St. David's, was one of the wearers of the mitre of Sodor and Man. This prelate was burned as a heretic on March 30, 1555 A.D., at the Market Cross of Car-

marthen, for his Lutheran opinions, by order of the wretches who surrounded the throne of Bloody Queen Mary.

In 1633 A.D. died a very eminent man, Dr. John Phillips, Bishop of Sodor and Man, who translated the most essential portions of the Holy Scriptures into the native Manx language. He was buried in Peel Castle.

There were also buried in Peel Castle Bishops Mash, died 1303 A.D.; Huan, or John, Hesketh, died 1510 A.D.; and Richard Parr, who succeeded Bishop Phillips, and died 1643 A.D., and was buried by his own express desire in the same tomb as his predecessor.

In 1663 A.D., Dr. Isaac Barrow not only held the Bishopric, but was appointed Governor by Charles, eighth Earl of Derby. He was a man of piety and learning, and during the short period of his holding the dual offices—only two years—he rendered eminent services to religion, and was a great benefactor to the island, but a bitter persecutor of the Quakers.

He was the first to found Parochial Schools, and he obtained an annual grant of £1,000 from the Royal Bounty for the poor clergy. He made collections in the various churches in England, and with the proceeds he not only purchased from the Earl of Derby, the Lord of Man, the one-third of the tithes which had hitherto been appropriated to the Lord of the Island, but he erected the free Academic School at Castletown.

He likewise repaired all the churches, and aug-

mented out of the tithes he had purchased from the Lord, the salaries both of the clergy and the school-teachers. Not satisfied with that, he gave two estates of his own, called Ballagatty and Hango Hill, which he placed in the hands of trustees, for the maintenance of three boys at the Academic School.

These estates, together with those afterwards given by Bishop Wilson, have been so well cared for by the trustees, and their revenues so increased, that in 1830 A.D., with some other assistance, the trustees were enabled to pull down the old Academic School and establish the King William's College, near Castletown. Dean Farrar, of Canterbury, so well known for his 'Life of Christ,' was educated at this now famous college, and has given an excellent description of it in his charming tale, 'St. Winifred, or the World of School.'

To the great regret both of himself and the whole Manx people, Dr. Barrow was transferred to the See of St. Asaph, and was succeeded by Dr. Henry Bridgeman. He in turn was succeeded by Dr. John Lake, who afterwards became Bishop of Chester, and was one of the seven Bishops imprisoned in the Tower of London by James II., in 1688 A.D., for petitioning against the publication of his celebrated 'Declaration of the Liberty of Conscience.'

This was about the last of this misguided and unfortunate monarch's acts of tyranny previous to the landing of William of Orange on the coast of Devon, and his own flight from England.

Dr. Samuel Rutter, the next Bishop, was born on

the Stanley Estate, and was the son of a miller. He was sent to Westminster School by Lord Derby, and elected thence in 1623 A.D. to Christ Church, Oxford. On leaving the University he became the tutor to Charles, a younger son of the seventh, or Great Earl of Derby, and was constantly with the family till 1646 A.D., when he was appointed Archdeacon and Rector of Andrew's Parish in the Isle of Man, but seldom resided there.

He shared the dangers of the siege of Lathom House, in Lancashire, by General Ireton, together with Charlotte, Countess of Derby, and after her liberation from imprisonment after the betrayal of Castle Rushen by William Christian, he remained with her in London and Knowsley till November, 1660 A.D., when he was appointed Prebendary of Lichfield; and on September 21 of the following year he arrived again in the Isle of Man, and was installed Bishop of Sodor and Man October 8, 1661 A.D.; but only survived his installation six months. He was buried on May 30, 1662 A.D., in the centre of St. Germain's Cathedral, on St. Patrick's Isle, Peel, where the following quaint inscription is on his tomb:

"In this house, brethren, in hope of the Resurrection to Life,
I lie, Sam, by permission, Bishop of the Island.
Stop, Reader! Look and Laugh at the Palace of a Bishop."

CHAPTER XII.

LIFE OF BISHOP THOMAS WILSON—HIS LETTER TO THE EARL OF DERBY — HIS DISPUTE WITH GOVERNOR HORNE—HIS IMPRISONMENT—HIS INTRODUCTION TO KING GEORGE OF ENGLAND.

FROM 1693 A.D. to 1698 the See of Sodor and Man was vacant for nearly five years after the death of Dr. Baptist Levinge, till the Earl of Derby appointed his own domestic chaplain, Dr. Thomas Wilson, who proved himself one of the greatest men ever connected with the Isle of Man; indeed, he was one of the most memorable men in the annals of modern history, and truly one of the greatest ornaments that ever adorned the Anglican Church.

His name will be venerated by posterity after many of the so-called eloquent preachers of the present day, who use their pulpits as the showman does his caravan, are either forgotten altogether or merely remembered for their eccentricities, with many other bygone follies of our age.

Thomas Wilson was born at Burton, a small village

in the Hundred of Wirrall, in Cheshire, on December 26, 1663 A.D., of 'honest, God-fearing parents.' He studied medicine at Trinity College, Dublin, with a view of following that profession, and he afterwards found his knowledge so obtained most valuable in his after-life and ministrations in the several parishes he lived in, and in the Isle of Man, where there were few or no medical men.

By the advice of Archdeacon Hewetson he changed the direction of his ideas to the Church, though he continued to prosecute his medical studies, and was ordained deacon on St. Peter's Day, 1686 A.D., in the Cathedral of Kildare, by Bishop Moreton, on the presentation of his friend Archdeacon Hewetson.

His first appointment was that of curate of Newchurch, in the parish of Winwich, of which Dr. Sherlock was rector, at a yearly salary of £30, out of which, thus early in his career, he devoted one-tenth to charitable uses.

In 1687 A.D. he was ordained priest by the Bishop of Chester, and he then and there vowed he would never accept two livings, take any preferment for which any consideration had been paid or given, and would only take a cure where he could reside among those under his spiritual charge.

In 1692 A.D. his reputation for practical Christianity was brought under the notice of William, Earl of Derby, a son of the great Earl James, who had been executed at Bolton, who appointed him his chaplain, and also tutor to his son, Lord Strange, at a salary of £30 ; and he was soon after elected Master of the

Almshouses of Lathom, with an addition to his income of £20. On receiving this augmentation of income, he increased the sum he devoted to 'pious uses and the poor' from one-tenth to one-fifth.

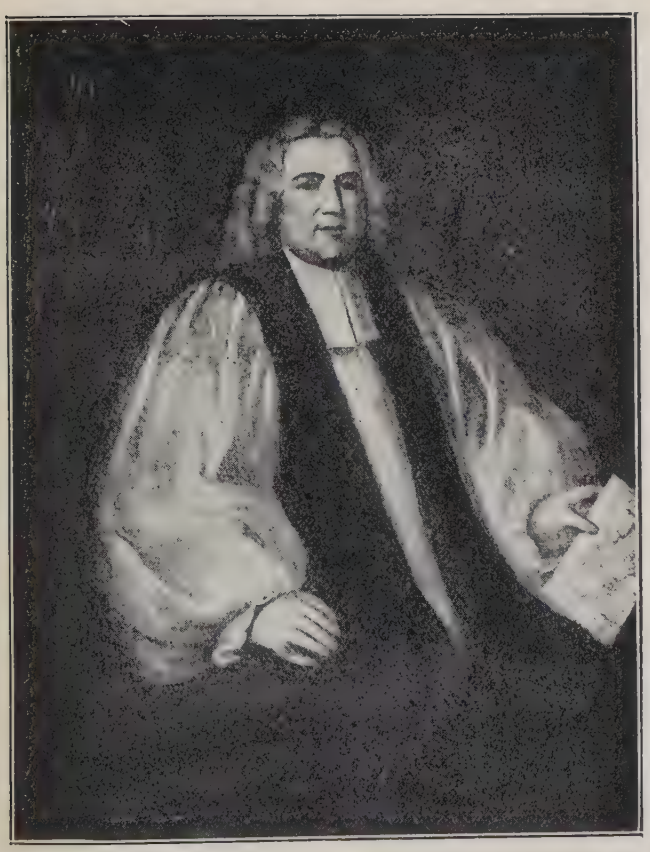
Both his courage and integrity were put to a rather severe test when he felt himself called upon to address the following letter of reproof to his lordly patron for neglecting his affairs and getting into consequent embarrassment. He considered it a duty, and 'did it.' Far from being offended, the Earl rightly estimated his upright devotion to the interests of the family, and pressed upon his acceptance the Bishopric of Sodor and Man, which had been vacant four years, since the death of Dr. Baptist Levinge.

The Rev. Thomas Wilson's Letter to the Earl of Derby.

'My Lord,

'Nothing but a sense of duty and gratitude would have put upon me this liberty; because I have reason to believe it concerns your Lordship, I can willingly hazard all future favours your Lordship designs me, rather than be silent in a matter of this moment, though I have no reason to fear any such consequences. I do therefore, with all imaginable submission, offer these following particulars to your consideration.

'First, though several of the debts be, as your Lordship urges, unjust, and perhaps most of the



DR. THOMAS WILSON, BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

Photo by Richard Brown, Liverpool, from the original portrait by Phillips, at Knowsley.

[*To face p.* 112.

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bills in part unreasonable, yet it is very probable that a great many are really just; and if these are not paid, those who suffer have just complaint to God and man, which must certainly have an ill influence on your Lordship's affairs.

'Secondly, that several in this neighbourhood are undone if they are not speedily considered; they are forced to the last necessity, some of them to sell their estates, others to leave their country, or lie in jail for debts which are owing to them from your Lordship. They come day after day, with tears and petitions, which nobody takes any notice of: and so your Lordship never comes to know what they suffer. Your Lordship sees what methods the rest, who are able, are taking; and you best know what may be the consequences: but however it ends, if these demands are just, they will still have reason to complain of the wrong that is done them.

'Your Lordship is never suffered to know the influence these things have upon your temporal affairs; but I am ready to make it out, whenever your Lordship shall think it your interest to inquire into this matter, that you constantly pay one-third more for what you want than other people do. I know very few care or are concerned at this; but I cannot but see and lament this hardship, which cannot possibly be remedied till your Lordship has taken some order with your creditors, and reformed those who have the disposal of your monies.

'I am not able to see how these things will end, and one cannot tell what they may be forced to

attempt. It is too likely that if any disturbance happen in the Government, their wants may make them desperate, and their members insolent. I have been lately told that some of them have threatened some such thing.

'And now, my Lord, if I have said anything unbecoming of me, I hope your Lordship will pardon me, and I think it a fault of indiscretion rather than design. I mean honestly, and that your Lordship may think so, I do protest in the presence of God that I had rather beg all my life than be so wanting in my duty as not to have given you these short hints, which your Lordship could not possibly have but for some faithful servant, as I presume to subscribe myself, etc.

'THOMAS WILSON.

'TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF DERBY.'

Dr. Wilson declined the appointment when first offered him, from consciousness of his own unworthiness to assume so great a responsibility; and the see still remained vacant in consequence for two or three years, which caused Dr. Sharp, Archbishop of York, the Metropolitan, to report the fact to the King, who at once gave notice to Lord Derby that if he did not appoint a bishop he would do so himself.

On the Earl again pressing the office on his chaplain, Dr. Wilson was, according to his own version of the matter, 'forced into the bishopric,'

and was consecrated on January 16, 1697 A.D., at the Royal Chapel of Savoy, in London, by Archbishop Sharp, of York, aided by the Bishops of Norwich and Chester.

It is somewhat difficult to realize the feelings of a man who requires forcing to be a bishop; it is but too often a scramble to obtain a vacant see. Although I cannot imagine a mitre to be an over-convenient or comfortable headgear, it would take mighty little persuasion to induce the majority of parsons to accept one, and with it the lawn sleeves, duties, and emoluments of an English see.

On arriving at his diocese, Dr. Wilson found a people the greater majority of whom spoke a language he did not understand, who were not only depressed by poverty and ignorance, but very much debased by the illicit, contraband trade already mentioned, and which for many years formed their only pursuit.

He soon put his shoulder to the wheel, and set to work to cleanse the Augean stable. The little difficulty of the language he speedily surmounted, and was not long before he could preach in the native Manx dialect.

The revenues of the see did not then exceed £300 a year; but by good management and economy he was not only able to maintain himself respectably, but also to give liberally to the poor. He assisted in repairing many of the old churches, and also in founding new ones, and established parochial libraries throughout the island. He considerably

enlarged the Episcopal Palace at Bishop's Court, at a cost of £1,400, out of his own means, making it commodious enough for the reception of a number of students, whom he had educated personally, for the purpose of having a succession of competent clergymen.

He was particular in maintaining his authority in matters of religion and morality, and sometimes got into hot water with some of the officials.

On October 27 of the following year he was married to Mary, a daughter of T. Patten, Esq., of Warrington, at Winwich Church, by the rector. Six years after his wife died, leaving two sons and a daughter, one son only being spared, Dr. Thomas Wilson, D.D., who afterwards was a Prebendary of Westminster and Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook, in the City of London.

A copy of some publication, which he considered was antagonistic to the discipline and dignity of the Established Church, having been presented to one of the parochial libraries under his control, he ordered it to be seized. Captain Horne, the Governor of the island at that time, differed from the Bishop, and ordered his messenger to be arrested. After much disputing between the two, the messenger was liberated, and the obnoxious book withdrawn from the library; but this little quarrel had created angry feelings on both sides, which afterwards had their ill effects upon another dispute between the Governor and the Bishop.

In the year 1719 A.D., Mrs. Horne, the Governor's

wife, let loose that most unruly of all members, her tongue. In those days ladies of fashion gave what were called 'drums'—a party that, on the principle of Mr. Sam Weller's calling 'a leg of mutton and trimmings' a 'soirée,' comprised a cup of tea, a little whist or piquet, and a good deal of scandal.

The reader must remember the date 1719 A.D., a time when gallantry was a word of expansive and elastic meaning, and one that covered a large amount of transgression. At one of her 'drums,' Mrs. Horne, having a grudge against a certain Mrs. Puller, accused her of being more intimate with a certain Sir James Poole than the strict laws of matrimony and society would altogether sanction; she followed up this accusation by prevailing on her husband's chaplain, Archdeacon Horroben, to refuse Mrs. Puller the Sacrament on the following Sunday.

Mrs. Puller, to vindicate her honour, not only made oath herself before the Bishop, but got Sir James Poole to do so too, that both were perfectly innocent of the scandalous charge brought by Mrs. Horne.

In accordance with the Manx law, their accuser was called upon to produce proof and establish the charge, but in vain. To give vent to a little pique and scandal at a 'drum,' and to substantiate one's words in a court of justice, are two different matters altogether.

Mrs. Horne did not come forward, and in consequence the Bishop passed sentence against her for

contempt, and also as a calumniator, calling upon her to publicly apologize. This the lady flatly refused to do, and the Bishop therefore debarred her from the Holy Communion. The Governor, however, prevailed on his compliant chaplain, Archdeacon Horroben, to admit Mrs. Horne to the next Sacrament. When the Bishop heard of this he immediately suspended the peccant Archdeacon.

Thus far, the Bishop was clearly in the right; but instead of appealing, as he ought to have done, to the superior power, his Metropolitan and Suffragan, the Archbishop of York, to whom the only legal appeal could be made, he threw himself at once into the Insular Civil Court, of which Governor Horne was the head.

The Governor basely abused his powers, and the Bishop was fined £50, the two Vicar-Generals, Dr. Walker and Mr. Cargey, £20 each; and on their refusing to pay were all three arrested by the Governor's order, and imprisoned in dark, damp dungeons in Castle Rushen.

After remaining there for nine weeks, they were compelled to pay their fines after all. While in Castle Rushen Dr. Wilson caught a cold that affected him for the rest of his days.

The people, on hearing of their good Bishop's imprisonment, were furious. They assembled in great numbers, marched to Castletown, and laid siege to the Governor's house, and would not only have levelled it to the ground, but have treated the Governor rather roughly, had not Dr. Wilson

addressed them from his prison window, and restrained them from doing any violence.

On regaining his liberty, he appealed to the King in Council, where he was more successful than in his former legal proceedings. The decision of the Insular Court was reversed, and the fines restored to him and his two Archdeacons, much to the satisfaction of the whole Manx people.

The King, to mark his esteem for the Bishop, offered him the much more wealthy See of Exeter, which Dr. Wilson at once declined, saying that, with God's blessing, he would do some little good in the spot where he was, and requested His Majesty not to remove him to a larger sphere, for fear he should forget his duty both to God and his flock. On which Queen Caroline turned round to the nobles of the Court, and said: 'See, my Lords, here is a Bishop who does not care for translation.'

'Oh no, please your Majesty,' replied the good Bishop; 'I will not forsake my wife and children, because they are poor.'

His character became known all over the civilized world. The celebrated Cardinal Fleury had so deep a reverence for him, that he obtained an order from the French King that no privateer or ship of war should on any account attack the Isle of Man during the war then waging between England and France. This was granted as a personal tribute to the virtues of Bishop Wilson. He and Cardinal Fleury were the two oldest ecclesiastics in Europe at the time.

He was so great a friend of toleration that the

members of the Romish Church who resided in the island loved and esteemed him, and not infrequently attended his sermons and prayers. The Dissenters, too, out of respect to him, attended not only the ordinary services, but the Communion, as he allowed them the liberty of either kneeling, sitting, or standing, as they thought proper, which, however, but very few ever took advantage of, but behaved in the same manner as those of the Established Church. Even the few Quakers mostly residing in the parish of Maughold visited, loved, and respected him.

During the famine of 1740 A.D. he exerted himself to the utmost to obtain both work and food for the people. He was very particular about giving employment to tradesmen when he could.

An anecdote is related of his having ordered a cloak from his tailor, which he desired to be made perfectly plain, and with merely one button-loop to fasten it.

'But, my Lord,' said the tailor, 'what would become of the poor button-makers and their families if everybody thought as you do? Why, they would starve.'

'Do you say so, John?' replied the Bishop. 'Well, then, button it all over, John.'

It was during his episcopate that the sovereignty of the island was transferred on the death of the Earl of Derby to the Duke of Athol, who succeeded to it in right of his wife, the Lady Amelia Sophia Stanley, a daughter of the great Earl James, to

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whom the reversion had been given as dower on her marriage.

Dr. Wilson apparently had an inkling of the rapaciousness of the Murray family, and feared that the Duke would lay claim to the one-third of the tithes that belonged to the clergy of the island, and which had been conveyed by a former Earl of Derby to Bishop Barlow. The deeds of the conveyance were missing for some time, and it was only after most diligent search amongst the various papers and archives in the Rolls Chapel, which at that time were kept in a most disorderly state, that the labours of the Bishop and his son, Dr. T. Wilson, were successful; they discovered them at last, and so preserved the Manx clergy from being deprived—not to say robbed—of one-half of their means of subsistence.

The good and generous deeds of Bishop Wilson were not confined to the island. He caused to be quarried and sent to London, from the rocks of Poolvash or Poyll-Vaase Bay, *i.e.*, the Bay of Death, near to Castletown, the black marble of which the steps of the great work of Sir Christopher Wren—St. Paul's Cathedral—are constructed. They now remain there as a lasting memorial of this truly practical Christian divine.

It was at the foot of these steps, from the quarries of Poolvash, that our good Empress-Queen, on June 22, 1897, came to return thanks to Almighty God for the blessings He had bestowed on her and

her people during her unprecedented long reign of sixty years.

What could have been more appropriate than the assemblage there of Queen Victoria and the representatives of the numerous colonies and dependencies of the great united British Empire, the freest people in the world, at the plain black stone steps from Mona's Isle, where constitutional government was really first established by King Orry the Wise, very nearly one thousand years ago?

At last, at the ripe old age of ninety-three, this good man, having faithfully done his Heavenly Master's work, and having served fifty-eight years as Bishop of Sodor and Man, was called away from this troublous world on March 7, 1753 A.D., to exchange his mortal mitre for a crown of incorruptible and unsurpassable glory, illustrating the declaration of Scripture, 'The path of the just is as a shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day.'

His mortal remains were carried to the grave by his broken-hearted tenantry, and he was attended to his last resting-place, in Kirk Michael churchyard, by nearly the whole adult population of the island.

A plain headstone, erected by his son, Dr. Thomas Wilson, marks his grave, and by the express command of the good old prelate, it bears no flowery epitaph, but merely records the fact that he lies beneath it. Few people who feel any real interest in the island fail to pay a visit to his simple grave before leaving.

The following is the inscription on the stone:

Sleeping in Jesus.

HERE LIETH THE BODY OF

THOMAS WILSON, D.D.,

(LORD BISHOP OF THIS ISLE),

WHO DIED

MARCH 7th, 1753, AGED 93,

AND IN THE FIFTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF HIS CONSECRATION.

THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED BY

HIS SON,

THOMAS WILSON, D.D.,

A NATIVE OF THIS PARISH,

WHO, IN OBEDIENCE TO THE EXPRESS WISHES OF HIS FATHER,

DECLINES GIVING HIM THE CHARACTER HE SO

GREATLY DESERVED.

LET THIS ISLAND SPEAK THE REST.

CHAPTER XIII.

BISHOP MARK HILDESLEY—TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE INTO THE MANX LANGUAGE — BISHOP CLAUDIUS CREGAN AND THE SCANDAL OF THE DUCHESS OF ATHOL—APPOINTMENT OF BISHOP MURRAY.

BISHOP WILSON was succeeded by Dr. Mark Hildesley, in 1755 A.D., who was a man of kindred spirit and a worthy successor.

Dr. Hildesley had the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Manx tongue completed. During the period the good work was in progress he frequently expressed a wish that he might be spared to see it finished. His wishes were granted.

On Saturday, November 28, 1772 A.D., the Bishop received the last sheets of the translation, whereupon, in the presence of his family, he sang the *Nunc Dimittis*.

The following day being Sunday, he preached in his own chapel 'on the uncertainty of human life,' and on the next morning, Monday, was seized with a fit of palsy, which deprived him of his intellectual faculties, and he calmly departed this life on

December 7, deeply regretted by the inhabitants of his diocese.

Sunday-schools were first introduced into the island by Bishop Hildesley.

In the Manx version of the Bible, in Isaiah xiii. 21, the name of the good and unfortunate Manx fairy 'Phynodderree' is used for satyr:

'The wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there.'

'Agh beishtyn oaldey yn aasagh nee cammal ayn: as bee nyn dhieyn lane dy chree toom agglagh; nee hulladyn baghey ayn as phynodderree dawsin ayns shew.'

It is related that the Rev. Dr. Kelly, on a voyage from Ramsay to Whitehaven, whither he was proceeding with the latter portion of the Manx translation of the Bible, for the purpose of having it printed, was overtaken by a sudden and violent storm, which wrecked the vessel. The only thing besides the lives of the passengers and crew that was saved was the MS. translation, which Dr. Kelly had contrived to hold above the water for a period of five hours.

At a meeting of learned divines, where the subject of Dr. Kelly's action was mentioned, one of those present jocularly compared the saving of the MS. to the circumstance of Cæsar saving his Commentaries at the naval battle of Alexandria, when he swam on shore with one hand, and held his Commentaries out of the water with the other.

Dr. Mark Hildesley was succeeded in his bishopric by Dr. Richmond in 1773 A.D., who was not at all a favourite with the Manx people or his clergy, being a haughty and very unamiable man.

In 1780 A.D. he was promoted or translated to another see, much to the gratification of everybody on the island; but they merely exchanged Bishop Log for Bishop Stork, as Dr. Richmond was succeeded by Dr. George Mason, who during the four years of his tenure of the mitre of Sodor and Man was perpetually in hot water with one or another of his people.

On the vacation of the see again in 1784 A.D., the appointment of a new Bishop was attended with some very curious circumstances that only narrowly escaped being a great scandal.

The Rev. Claudius Cregan, M.A., was of very humble origin, being the son of a tailor in Omagh, County Tyrone, in Ireland. He was the chaplain of an infantry regiment that formed the garrison of St. Lucia, in the West Indies, where he married the widow of a rich planter. He resigned his military chaplaincy, came with his wife to England, and settled in Liverpool, where he was preacher in a chapel in the outskirts of that town. In all probability the same outskirts have long since been swallowed up in that wonderfully expansive place.

At the time of the See of Sodor and Man becoming vacant, the Duchess of Athol, the wife of the Lord or King of the Isle of Man, being, as usual with her Grace, in monetary difficulties, thought she would

turn it to her advantage, and with such a view, wrote to a Mrs. Calcraft, formerly a confidential housekeeper in the noble Athol family, who was then residing in Liverpool, and in a very business-like manner asked that lady to make due inquiry where she might probably light on a '*good chap*' for the episcopal preferment—'one who would *bleed freely*.'

Mrs. Calcraft, being acquainted with the Rev. Claudius Cregan, and knowing that his wife had means, if she only had the inclination to part, put the question to Cregan:

'Would you like to be Bishop of the Isle of Man?' and would you be *grateful* to her Grace of Athol if she appointed you?'

He bowed, and hoped her Grace would never have any cause to alter her good opinion of him.

'I have not the least doubt of your *gratitude*, Mr. Cregan, as well as of your moral and religious character,' replied Mrs. Calcraft.

'I trust not,' said his reverence, putting his hand to his heart.

'Ah! I guessed you were just the man the Duchess wanted. I will forthwith write, and tell her what has taken place between us two, and the result will be that I may announce, *Doctor*, that you will be Bishop of Sodor and Man,' said the Duchess's ambassadress, rising from her chair with all the dignity she could assume.

Of course she mentioned *no direct specified sum*, anything of the kind being delicately avoided; but

after the appointment was made and announced, her Grace thought it was high time to look out for the rouleaux of notes she expected, before finally having the seal fixed to his viaticum.

When the newly-appointed Bishop was all ready to start for Bath to pay his homage to the good Duchess, Mrs. Calcraft again made her appearance, and openly avowed her Grace's orders to ascertain *how far his gratitude was going to carry him.*

The would-be Doctor of Divinity, whose face was as difficult to read as a brick wall, very deliberately replied that:

'As far as a man can do so, to express my *obligation to her Grace*, I will first proceed to Bath, and lose no time in——'

'Bless my heart, Doctor!' hastily interrupted the old housekeeper, 'you seem to quite misunderstand me. Her Grace of Athol expects your gratitude to be something *solid.* As to you starting to Bath *merely to thank her*, that's all humbug!'

'Madam,' said Cregan, gravely and solemnly, 'do you come to insult me?'

'Indeed I do not, *Mister* Cregan,' replied the lady, dropping the *Doctor*, and strongly emphasizing the *Mister;* 'but if your reverence does not come down with a good round sum, and that very quickly, her Grace desires me to inform you that she will never confirm her appointment of you to the Bishopric of Man.'

With that parting shot, Mrs. Calcraft bounced out of the house in unmistakable anger.

The Rev. Claudius Cregan was quite a match for her Grace the Duchess of Athol. He sent her a copy of the Consecration Oath of a Bishop, together with several direct passages he had carefully culled from her correspondence with Mrs. Calcraft, and threatened to publish the whole matter, and lay it before His Majesty's Privy Council.

There was no further demur to the ratification of his appointment, and the sealing of his viaticum. *Mr.* Claudius Cregan, *M.A.*, was duly consecrated Bishop of Sodor and Man, the only British Bishop who has ever been appointed without having taken his degree of Doctor of Divinity, since the Reformation.

Her Grace of Athol took very good care never to allow the Bishop an opportunity of doing personal homage to her for the favour conferred.

Bishop Cregan for some time suffered a load of obloquy respecting his appointment, which was really quite undeserved; but he has left a reputation of being an amiable and polished gentleman, and was afterwards much liked by his clergy and the Manx people, who are quite as ready to appreciate the good qualities of a man, whether he be Bishop or aught else, as to condemn him for his bad deeds.

On his death in 1813 A.D., an, if possible, greater '*job*' was not only attempted but carried out by the Duke and Duchess of Athol, in the appointment of their nephew, the Hon. George Murray, D.D., who was under the prescribed age of forty years, to the

vacant see, and whose escapade about the potatoes has already been related.

Probably his experience in the Isle of Man taught him a lesson, for on his being translated to the very much better see—as far as income is concerned —of Rochester, he became a rather popular Bishop among both his clergy and his people generally.

Certain it is the failure of his attempt to tax the potatoes of the Manxmen deterred him from trying on any such claims upon the hops of the men of Kent.

CHAPTER XIV.

TEMPORARY SUPPRESSION OF THE SEE OF SODOR AND MAN — ITS RESTORATION — PARSON GILL OF MALEW —PARSON JOHN HOWARD OF ONCHAN.

THE Hon. Dr. Murray, nephew of the Duke of Athol, whose little attempt to squeeze £6,000 a year out of the Manx people in the shape of a tax on their green crops, and his subsequent hurried departure with his uncle from the island, has already been related, was quite the antithesis of Bishop Wilson, and had no objection to being translated to a larger stipend and its attendant Bishopric, and in 1826 A.D. he became Bishop of Rochester.

He was the last prelate appointed by the Lord of the Island, the presentation having passed to the Crown of England when the last and clear-out sale was effected by the Athols. Neither the clergy nor the Manx people ever forgot his having been thrust upon them by the Duke, and the unmistakable 'job' of his elevation, under the prescribed age of forty years. Not a soul regretted his transmigration to the banks of the Medway.

His successor, Dr. William Ward, was the first Bishop of Sodor and Man appointed by the Crown of England. In 1836 A.D. the English Government suppressed the See of the Island altogether, annexing it to that of Carlisle, and Dr. Ward had to retire to his original Rectorship of Great Hawkesley, whence he had come. An agitation was speedily set on foot by the inhabitants of the island for the restoration of their Bishop, and this was accomplished in 1838 A.D. by a special Act of Parliament, but not before the death of Dr. Ward, who passed from this world in the early part of that year.

The Bishop appointed by the Crown under the new Act of the Imperial Parliament was the Rev. James Bowstead, who was installed on September 5, 1838.

Two years after he, having no objection to translation to a better see, was appointed to the Bishopric of Lichfield, and was succeeded by Dr. Horatio Pepys, brother to Lord Chancellor Cottenham. Dr. Pepys' stay in Man was still shorter, the powerful influence of his brother providing him with a speedy promotion and translation to the See of Worcester, in 1841 A.D., when Dr. Thomas Vowler Short became Bishop of the island, where he is well remembered for his violent denunciations of all dissenters and schismatics; consequently, though he was otherwise an amiable man, he was not liked in a country where liberty and toleration have been so thoroughly enjoyed for so many centuries.

In due time—at the expiration of six years—

Dr. Short was promoted to the See of St. Asaph, and was succeeded by Dr. Shirley in 1847 A.D., who gained the esteem of his clergy and people, and died at Bishop's Court.

The next was the Hon. and Rev. Robert John Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland, who only remained on the island till 1854 A.D., when he was translated to the more lucrative See of Bath and Wells, and was succeeded by the Hon. Dr. Horace Powys, a brother of Lord Lilford, and formerly Rector of Warrington.

Bishop Powys was an energetic man, and set the example of open-air preaching in the Isle of Man, particularly in the roofless ruins of St. Germain's Cathedral, in Peel Castle, and the churchyard of the old church of Kirk Braddan, near Douglas.

Dr. Powys during his Bishopric opened the new cathedral of his diocese at Bishop's Court on its completion, the means for building which came, to a very large extent, from his own private purse.

A very curious and interesting circumstance connected with the tenure of the See of Sodor and Man by Dr. Powys is the fact that he was directly descended from one of the Welsh Kings of Man (Roderick the Great), who reigned in the ninth century, and that after the lapse of ten centuries the spiritual jurisdiction of this little Island of Man should be wielded by a descendant of one of its old Kings. Probably this occurrence is unique.

As will be seen by what has gone before, the See of Sodor and Man, since it has been in gift of the

Crown, has been regarded and used as a stepping-stone to higher preferment. The emoluments are not large.

Bishop Eden, during his episcopacy, succeeded to the title of Baron Auckland, and took his seat in the House of Lords as such. He was the only Bishop of Sodor and Man who ever voted in the House of Peers. The See of Man does not carry with it a vote in the Upper House of the British Parliament, although its Bishops are allowed a seat there by courtesy.

Throughout the Isle of Man, for ages past, the clergy have been uniformly distinguished for their zeal, and held in the highest respect by their several parishioners—and deservedly so.

The good old word parson is almost invariably used in speaking to or of a Manx clergyman. It expresses exactly the relation that should ever exist between the pastor and his flock.

The late Rev. Hugh Stowell, Canon of Manchester, and the late Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, an eminent Nonconformist minister in Liverpool, were both Manxmen, and the sons of Manx parsons.

In some of the country churches the services were, till very lately, performed on alternate Sundays in the English and Manx languages. Although many of the older inhabitants can still speak Manx, there are very few people who do not also speak and understand English.

Unlike the Welsh people, they have had the good sense to see the advantages of bringing up their

children to use the English tongue, and only English is taught in the schools.

The island is divided into seventeen parishes, three of which are rectories and fourteen vicarages. The Rectors have only £303 a year, and the Vicars £141 8s. each; but every parish parson has a certain extent of glebe land, and, as a rule, the parsons are the best farmers in the island.

One old gentleman, the late Parson Gill, Vicar of Malew, is said to have got three crops a year, of one sort or another, off his little glebe.

Another Manx parson, who was a great celebrity in his time, was the Rev. John Howard, Vicar of Kirk Onchan, near Douglas, better known as Parson John Howard. He was a stalwart specimen of a Manxman—a muscular Christian—who could fight any man in his parish. Onchan was unique in its way, as no constable or policeman was needed there, for Parson John kept everyone in order. If a man spent too much of his time in the publichouse, his wife had only to apply to the parson, and off he went to the taproom, collared the bibulous delinquent, dragged him out by the collar of his coat—if he had one—and started him off home to his wife and bairns.

If an Onchan man so transgressed as to beat his wife, her appeal to the parson was better than all summonses before the high bailiff of Douglas. Parson John started off with his stick, which he laid with such a will over the shoulders of 'the wretch who struck a woman,' and that woman his wife, whom he had sworn to love and cherish, that the poor beggar

was several days before he felt easy, and a long time ere he ventured to lay a hand on the 'wife of his bosom' again.

On one occasion he had cause to severely reprimand a miner for ill-using his wife. The man, who was a new-comer to his parish and did not know the parson, told him, 'If it wasn't for your cloth, I'd knock your —— head off.'

'Oh,' responded Parson John, 'we can soon arrange that,' and taking off his coat, he carefully folded it, laid it down on the top of a low stone wall, and thus addressed it: 'Here lay quiet, Vicar of Onchan, while John Howard gives this man a lesson in good manners.' He then set to, and after a few minutes' sparring, so completely polished off the burly miner that he was glad to give in, and was not only civil ever after, but desisted from any further ill-treatment of his better-half.

Onchan was the best-ruled parish in Mona, and its parson was reverenced and beloved by all. In his later years Parson Howard was placed for a short time under restraint in the Douglas Asylum under a suspicion of lunacy. There was, however, a good deal of 'method in his madness,' and good method too. His preaching, like his blows with his fist, was straight out. 'He said what he meant, and meant what he said,' both in and out of the pulpit.

There are some new churches in the towns the incumbents of which have far larger stipends; but these can scarcely be regarded as the real Manx clergy, their congregations mostly consisting of the

English visitors, who only go to the island in the summer months.

There are no poor-rates; but on Sunday, after each service, a collection plate is handed round to every person, who gives at least a penny. No more than a penny is expected, but coins of greater value are never refused, and are only too thankfully received. These collections are found to be sufficient for the ordinary wants of the poor.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MANX CONTRABAND TRADE—NOTED SMUGGLERS—FRANÇOIS THUROT—DUTCH YAWKINS, THE ORIGINAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DIRK HATTERAICK, AND HIS DARING ESCAPES—DAFT QUILLIAM THE MANXMAN, AND HIS TRICKS ON THE REVENUE MEN.

THE first commencement of smuggling by Manxmen was in 1670 A.D., when a company of adventurers from Liverpool landed in Douglas and made great profits. They afterwards induced the Manx people to embark in the contraband trade.

At that time His Majesty of Great Britain was master of the sea, but the Isle of Man claimed and retained the jurisdiction of so much of it round their coasts that a master of a vessel had only to keep his weather-eye open, and do no more than watch his opportunity of coming within the boundary-line or 'piles,' as it was termed, when he was secure from any King's ship or officer.

Such advantages did the illicit trade present to merchants engaged in regular foreign trade, that

many ships laden with produce, not only of the Continent of Europe, but of the East and West Indies, touched at the island and met with ready buyers of such portions of their cargoes as they were willing to dispose of.

In the course of a very short time this traffic so increased that whole cargoes were brought to the island, all of which were afterwards reshipped into small Manx vessels, and 'run' into English, Scotch and Irish ports and landing-places adapted to the purposes of smuggling.

A native of Dunkirk, named François Thurot, was a very successful smuggler, and his vessel ran immense quantities of goods of every description between the French, Manx, and British coasts.

Another foreign smuggler—one Yawkins, a Dutchman—commanded a noted fast lugger, the *Black Prince*, and earned a wonderful reputation for his daring and successful ventures.

The Dirk Hatteraick of Sir Walter Scott's 'Guy Mannering' was taken from Yawkins, a fact that Sir Walter acknowledged in a letter to Mr. Traine, the historian of the Isle of Man.

A poet, whose name is unknown and forgotten, has endeavoured to immortalize his deeds in verse:

'The thunder boomed loud and the lightning was strong
As the Buckkar of Yawkins went scriving along
The mountain-like billows that break on the shore
Where Ruberry's turrets stood frowning of yore;
The King's men were foiled when she left the Isle's Bay
With a cask at the maintop in vaunting array;

The sails of the cutters spread fast to the wind,
But the Buckkar of Yawkins soon left them behind.
Ah ! what could the Buckkar of Yawkins assail
If there is at all any truth in the tale
That Satan, for guarding her, claimed as his due,
When landing her cargo, a tithe of the crew ;
But this might be said just because she could sail
Where no other vessel could ride out the gale ;
Because skipper Yawkins could take any bay,
Any creek in the Solway by night or by day.'

* * * * *

'Oft at the Rous with Yawkins and with Doal*
And Manxmen gabbling from the Manor hole,
What noggins have I drank of smuggled rum,
Just from the little Isle of Three Legs come !'

Two revenue cutters once hove in sight as Yawkins was landing on the British coast a cargo he had brought from the Isle of Man. He instantly slipped his cable and bore boldly down towards them.

The *Black Prince* had every stitch of canvas crowded upon her that could be hoisted, and Yawkins steered right between them with such determination and daring, that the fear of being run down quite paralyzed the men of both His Majesty's cutters. So close did he go, that he tossed his hat on the deck of one vessel and his wig on the other as he passed between them. It took the revenue men all they knew to get out of his way.

On another occasion, directly he dropped anchor in the roadstead of a port he had determined to discharge his cargo at, a tide-waiter went on board, mistaking the *Black Prince* for a fair and square timber-

* A smuggler.

laden vessel that was expected there. Yawkins ushered him down into the cabin, where he took such care of him that he did not allow him either to go on deck or on shore.

He landed his cargo, took the Custom House officer with him to Amsterdam, and there set him at liberty with means in his pocket to find his way home again.

Many were the skirmishes and fights between the King's men and the smugglers, and many were the secret places constructed for safely stowing things away—whole cargoes.

On the appearance of revenue men, particularly if they were accompanied by soldiers, it was the usual thing to ring the nearest church bell violently, and so alarm the neighbourhood, giving everybody fair warning to conceal their smuggled goods. The narrow, crooked, tortuous streets in the old town of Douglas were purposely designed so, with the view of aiding smugglers in getting out of the way of preventive men and concealing their goods.

In the reign of George I. an Act was passed in the English Parliament to prevent East India goods being landed in the Isle of Man (Statute 7 Geo. I., cap. 21, sec. 9), except from a British port. The penalty was the forfeiture of ship and cargo.

This law was a dead letter, so another (12 Geo. I., cap. 28, sec. 21) was passed enacting that no goods not the manufacture of the Isle of Man could be imported from there into Great Britain.

Other laws were passed, all of them equally abortive and futile.

The contraband trade assumed large dimensions, and many of the best and most well-to-do families of the island owe their properties to the profits made by their forefathers in the illicit traffic.

A Royal Proclamation was issued in 1778 A.D., offering the King's free pardon to every person who had been engaged in the contraband trade, who 'within six weeks thereafter should enter into His Majesty's service either as a sailor or a soldier.'

About 500 Manx smugglers are said to have surrendered themselves, and entered the army or navy in response.

After the completion of the last and final sale of the island from the Duke of Athol to England in 1825 A.D., which virtually put an end to the smuggling trade, the lamentations of those engaged and interested in it were loud and great.

Many were the songs that were written and sung deploring that event. One of the most popular contained the following lines:

> 'The babes unborn will rue the day
> That the Isle of Man was sold away;
> For there's ne'er an old wife that loves her dram
> But who'll lament for the sale of Man.'

A Manxman called Quilliam was another noted smuggler, who was famous for playing sad tricks with the revenue men.

On one occasion his vessel, loaded with spirits,

bound for Ireland, was chased and overhauled by a revenue cutter, but paid no attention to the summons to bring to. When a blank shot was fired from the cutter, he sailed on without taking any notice. Then a *shot* was fired, which fell into the sea not far from the mark. On seeing it was a shot coming towards him, he gave orders to his crew to get below and hide themselves, but remained on deck, taking the helm himself, and brought his little vessel up in the wind.

The revenue cutter lowered a boat, which was soon alongside, and the officer in command in a tone of fierce anger shouted:

'Why the —— didn't you bring your boat up when first signalled?'

'Oh deary, deary me! I don't know what I'm about. When I started from Peel I had six men on board. Four of the poor fellows are lying dead below in the hold, and the others are in the fo'c's'le sadly bad with cholera morbus, or something of that sort. Oh deary, what shall I do? I am not feeling very well myself.'

'Good God!' cried the officer. 'Sheer off at once and get back to the cutter!'

Away they went, and on boarding their own vessel, put her about and sailed away as fast as possible from the plague-stricken Manx hooker.

As soon as he thought they had gone far enough, Quilliam called his men up from below, put his own vessel on the right tack, and made off straight for the Irish coast.

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPTURE AND SACK OF CARRICKFERGUS BY THUROT'S FRENCH SQUADRON — STREET-FIGHTING — ACT OF HEROISM BY A FRENCH PRIVATE SOLDIER — SURRENDER OF THE GARRISON — RETREAT OF THE FRENCH — CHASE OF THE ENEMY BY COMMODORE ELLIOT'S SQUADRON — NAVAL ENGAGEMENT OFF JURBY POINT — DEATH OF THUROT AND CAPTURE OF ALL THE THREE FRENCH VESSELS, AND THEIR ARRIVAL IN RAMSEY BAY.

CAPTAIN FRANÇOIS THUROT, the Frenchman who had been one of the most successful smugglers engaged in the Manx contraband trade, gained such a reputation for boldness and good seamanship, that when war was declared in 1756 A.D. between England and France, he was given the command of a privateer, hailing from his native port of Dunkirk.

He was very successful in preying on the small English homeward-bound vessels that had not heard of the declaration of war, so much so as to attract the attention of the French Admiralty.

The French Government placed him in command

of a smart frigate of 44 guns—the *Maréchal Belleisle* —and soon afterwards of a small squadron, with which he cruised in the North Sea and St. George's Channel, plundering when and where any safe opportunity offered, but taking good care to keep as much as possible out of the way of any English cruisers.

On February 19, 1760 A.D., his squadron, consisting of his own ship, the *Maréchal Belleisle*, of 44 guns and 540 men; *Le Terpsichore*, of 26 guns and 300 men (Captain Defravandois); and *Le Blonde*, of 32 guns and 400 men (Captain La Kayse), was off the North-East Coast of Ireland, and hearing that Carrickfergus was in a defenceless state, and offered an easy prize, he entered the river, anchored two miles and a half below the town, and on the 21st landed 600 men to attack it.

Lieutenant-Colonel Jennings, the commandant of the town, had but four companies of raw and undisciplined recruits under his command, and set to work to make the best possible defence. He removed all the French prisoners who were in the castle, and sent them off under guard to Belfast, with a request for the despatch of reinforcements.

The Castle of Carrickfergus was quite untenable, and had a breach in the walls 50 feet wide. The French troops made a regular attack without loss of time, but were repulsed at first. The English supply of shot gave out, and very soon after, both powder and provisions gave out as well. So long as the powder lasted, the guns were loaded with stones; but Colonel Jennings was obliged to surrender after

a gallant defence and very stubborn fight, but only on condition that they should not be taken away to France, and that they should be ransomed by the exchange of an equal number of French officers and men, at that time prisoners of war in England and Ireland, and that the town should not be plundered.

This latter condition the French utterly disregarded, and regularly sacked the town of everything portable, as was fully proved when the ships arrived in Ramsey Bay with the plunder on board.

The French have no rivals in looting, as has been amply proved by the exploits in that way of the armies of Napoleon all over Europe, down to the pillage of the Winter Palace of Pekin in the last Anglo-French war with China in 1863 A.D.

Immediately after the town had been looted, an alarm was given to the French that a regiment was rapidly marching from Belfast, and Thurot at once ordered the retreat and re-embarkment of his troops, leaving his dead and wounded to the tender mercies of the British.

One incident in the fighting, the heroic conduct of a French soldier, well deserves to be recorded.

While the troops were hotly engaged fighting in the street, a little child ran out of a house playfully between the two opposing forces, having no idea of the danger to which it was exposed.

A private soldier of the French combatants, perceiving the extreme danger of the child, grounded his musket, advanced deliberately between the two lines of fire, took the little one in his arms and con-

veyed it to a place of safety; then, returning to his station, resumed his musket and renewed his fighting.

Commodore John Elliot had been appointed in 1758 A.D. to the command of the *Æolus*, a new frigate of 32 guns and 220 men, recently launched; and in the early spring of 1760 A.D. he was senior officer on the East Coast of Ireland Station, and with the *Pallas* frigate, of 36 guns and 240 men (Captain Logger), and the *Brilliant* frigate, of 36 guns and 240 men (Captain Clements), was lying in Kinsale on February 21.

Information arrived from the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland that Thurot's squadron was then off Carrickfergus. Every effort was immediately used to despatch the three frigates to sea to go after the French.

At the moment of the news arriving the *Pallas* was lying with her foretopmast badly sprung; but such was the smartness of her officers and crew, that the yards were got down on deck, the topmast stripped and lowered, and a fresh one up, with the yards across, within three-quarters of an hour of the order being given.

No time was lost in getting to sea, and on February 24 the English squadron was off Carrickfergus, where the weather was tempestuous and the wind contrary.

Elliot then heard the French ships, three in number, had left, and on learning the course they had steered, he set all possible sail in pursuit immediately, and was fortunate enough to discover them off the West Coast of the Isle of Man at 4 a.m. on the 26th.

Chase was immediately commenced, and with such success that by 9 a.m. the *Æolus* brought the *Maréchal Belleisle*, Thurot's ship, to action.

Fearing the clever ex-smuggler might escape, the Commodore ordered his men to direct their fire of the first broadside entirely at the rigging of the *Maréchal Belleisle*, which they did with most excellent effect. The slings of her main-yard were shot away, and her mizzen-mast so badly wounded a little above the deck, that when Captain Thurot tried to put his ship about on the other tack to escape being raked by the *Brilliant*, which was making for crossing her stern, the mast gave way and came clattering down on the deck, with all the yards and rigging from the deck upwards, which in its fall killed and wounded several of the crew and created the greatest confusion.

On seeing the effects of his broadside, Commodore Elliot immediately signalled both the *Pallas* and *Brilliant* to make for the other two of the enemy's ships and bring them to close action.

The fire of the *Æolus* was resumed with terrible effect, and a continuous cannonade was poured into the *Maréchal Belleisle* for over an hour, when the order was given to board, and on the English ship closing with her antagonist, one of the lieutenants headed the boarding party, and with his own hands hauled down the Frenchman's colours; on seeing which, the senior officer in command at once surrendered.

The gallant Thurot, who had fought his ship well, had been killed before the boarding, and the victors

CAPTURE OF THE 'MARÉCHAL BELLISLE' AND DEATH OF THUROT.

Photo by G. B. Cowen, Ramsey, from an old engraving in the possession of C. B. Nelson, Esq., Ramsey.

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were deprived of the satisfaction of performing the last offices to their brave enemy, for his body had been thrown overboard into the sea by his own men directly after his death.

In addition to losing her mizzen-mast, the *Maréchal Belleisle* had her bowsprit shot away, and the main-yard, in falling on deck from the injured slings, lay athwart the deck, having crushed down the bulwarks on both sides.

The captains of the *Pallas* and *Brilliant* had meanwhile lost no time in engaging the other two ships of the enemy, and very shortly after the first broadside of the *Æolus* all six ships were engaged, and the action became general.

The *Pallas* being a faster ship than the *Brilliant*, Captain Logger crowded all possible sail on her, passed ahead of both the enemy's disengaged frigates, and boldly crossed the bows of *Le Terpsichore*, delivering her broadside gun after gun, as she passed, every shot striking with deadly effect. She then tacked, fell off on the wind, coming round like a top, and took up a position on the larboard side of her antagonist, and engaged till her colours were lowered and she surrendered, a few minutes after the *Maréchal Belleisle's* boarders had hauled down her flag.

The *Brilliant* meanwhile had managed to get to close quarters with *Le Blonde*, and after a well-contested fight closed with her, and on seeing the colours of the *Maréchal Belleisle* were coming down, Captain Clements gave the orders to board, and the ship was captured in less than ten minutes.

The whole action was now over, having taken an hour and a half from the firing of the first shot to the surrender of the whole three ships of the French squadron.

The engagement was fought off the North-West Coast of the Isle of Man on February 26, and not off the Irish Coast on the 28th, as erroneously stated in more than one history, Cassell's 'History of England' being one of them. As the ships were not far from the Manx Coast at Jurby Point, the fight from first to last was viewed by a large concourse of the parishioners of Jurby, Michael and Ayre, and in all probability the Bishop of the island, Dr. Mark Hildesley, as well, as he must have heard the firing, and wrote to Commodore Elliot immediately after the fight was over to congratulate him on his victory.

Each of the three French frigates was larger than the English vessels, and carried more men. The loss sustained by the enemy was very considerable, amounting to over 300 men and officers killed and wounded, including the brave François Thurot, who fought his ship most gallantly till he fell. Several of the principal officers were among the slain and wounded.

In all the British ships together not more than four were killed and thirty-one wounded.

The superiority in guns was very slightly on the side of the English, the three ships carrying 104, to 102 on the French ships, so slight, in fact, as hardly worthy of notice, while the superiority in numbers of men was greatly in favour of the enemy, whose ships

carried 1,245, against 700 on board Commodore Elliot's squadron.

The *Maréchal Belleisle* had not only lost her mizzen-mast, bowsprit and spars, already mentioned, but was so badly hulled that it was with the utmost difficulty her prize crew, even with the assistance of a number of Manx fishermen, very opportunely rendered, could get her into Ramsey and prevent her foundering off the Point of Ayre.

A number of fishing boats hovered about the scene of the engagement, keeping at a respectful distance from the shots, and so soon as they saw how the fight was going they drew nearer, and on the lowering of the fleur-de-lis bespangled flags, they closed in and tendered their assistance, which was gladly accepted.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER THE BATTLE—LETTER OF CONGRATULATION FROM BISHOP HILDESLEY — STATE OF THE CAPTURED VESSELS—ATTENDANCE AT THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN RAMSEY CHURCH—REFIT AND DEPARTURE OF THE SIX FRIGATES.

AS much smartness and diligence were displayed in the refit of all the ships at Ramsey as in the shipping a new foretopmast of the *Pallas* at Kinsale.

On March 10 Commodore Elliot with the whole six frigates arrived at Kinsale, where quite an ovation awaited them. The Irish Parliament voted their thanks to the three captains, Elliot, Logger and Clements. The city of Cork presented each of them with its freedom, in elegant silver boxes.

From Kinsale the little fleet proceeded to Spithead, where they dropped anchor on March 26. Commodore Elliot was afterwards presented to the young King, George III., who had but that year come to the throne, and was most graciously received.

All three of the English frigates and their captains

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THE VICTORS AND THE VANQUISHED AT ANCHOR IN RAMSEY BAY.

Photo by G. B. Cowen, Ramsey, from an old engraving.

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were ordered to the coast of France, as soon as the damages received in the action were repaired.

It may be well to mention here that the gallant Elliot, after a series of engagements equally as brilliant as the defeat and capture of Thurot's squadron, attained his flag rank as Rear-Admiral of the Red on September 24, 1787 A.D., and in due course was promoted to be full Admiral of the Blue on April 16, 1795 A.D.

In refitting the vessels at Ramsey and patching them up to make the run round to Portsmouth, the Manx ship-carpenters rendered very efficient help. They proved themselves first-class workmen, and were alike willing and proud to do their best to hasten the despatch of the little fleet.

On hearing of the result of the engagement, if he had not actually seen it himself from the shore, Bishop Hildesley, who was in residence at his palace of Bishop's Court, wrote on the afternoon of the action, dating his letter from there, to Commodore Elliot as follows:

'BISHOP COURT,
'*February* 26, 1760.

'The Bishop of the Isle of Man desires to have the honour of presenting his compliments of congratulation to Commodore Elliot and the rest of the officers of his Majesty's ships, now in Ramsey Bay, upon the happy event of yesterday's engagement, on the north-west coast of this Isle. The Bishop would think himself happy in having it in his power to shew any mark of civility to the gentlemen, at his country manor, or in any respect whatever. May

all his Majesty's forces be blessed with such Commanders, and be attended with the like success! So prays 'MARK, SODOR AND MAN.'

Commodore Elliot, and as many of the officers and men of his little squadron as could be spared and were willing to attend, did so, at a service of General Thanksgiving in Ramsey Chapel, at which the Bishop officiated, on Sunday, March 7, 1760.

A gentleman who went on board the French Commander Thurot's ship, the *Maréchal Belleisle*, wrote as follows:

'On receipt of the news of Thurot's ships being brought into Ramsey Bay, I went there to see the ships. On getting on board the *Maréchal Belleisle*, I was struck with astonishment.

'Turn which way I would, nothing but scattered limbs and dead or dying men met my view. The deck and sides of the ship could only be compared to a slaughter-house—there being nearly 200 men killed on board the *Belleisle*, besides what the other ships lost.

'The French must have plundered all before them at Carrickfergus, for I saw one of them who had eight women's shifts on him. They had plenty of children's clothes, shoes, caps, ruffles, buttons, thimbles and pins, with quite a stock of gray yarn. The English sailors looked upon the Frenchmen as a parcel of poltroons for their behaviour.'

One or more of the French officers who were prisoners of war remained on the island and settled there. Their descendants now regard themselves as quite Manxmen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTAIN HUGH CROW—A MANXMAN TO BE PROUD OF—
'CROW, MIND YOUR EYE!'

HAVING in the case of William Christian (Illiam Dhôan) given some of the history of a Manxman of whom no Manxman need be proud, I will now give some particulars of another Manxman—and a sailor—that all his compatriots may well be justly proud of, for a finer specimen of the true British sailor than Captain Hugh Crow, a native of Ramsey, it would be hard to find.

Hugh Crow, the son of respectable parents, was born at Ramsey in 1765 A.D., and when quite a youngster had the misfortune to lose the sight of his right eye.

In 1782 A.D. he started on his first voyage to sea in a Dutch-built ship, the *Croon*, from Whitehaven to Waterford, with a cargo of coals. He had, in due sailor fashion, crept into the maritime service 'through the hawse-pipe,' and it was not till November, 1789 A.D., that he obtained the position of second mate of the brig *Elizabeth*, bound for Jamaica; but the next year he was promoted to be first mate of the brig *Prince*,

and in her made his first voyage to the Guinea Coast of Africa, a trade in which he sailed for many years, making the general round voyage—outwards from Liverpool with trade cargo—spirits, Brummagem guns, powder, and all sorts of calico goods of the very brightest colours, beads, and other useful and fine things for the adornment of the sable inhabitants of that warm part of the world, where clothing is only required as a foundation upon which ornaments and finery may be displayed. These goods were traded away for gold and ivory—when these were in the market—and for slaves, negroes, black men and women, who were taken over to Jamaica and other West India islands, and sold at large profits for labourers on the plantations.

This was called the 'black ivory trade,' and in those days was legitimate, and considered a respectable occupation. This was long ago; much has happened since then. Liverpool and Bristol almost monopolized the trade.

It was not till years after, when the slave trade was prohibited and negroes were smuggled over by Spaniards and other foreigners from the coast of Africa to Cuba, Brazil, and other places not British, and the ships carrying them were chased and frequently captured by English cruisers, that the horrors of the 'middle passage'—across the Atlantic—took place.

In this African slave trade Crow, who speedily became captain, bore a high character, both among the English and the native traders, and also for his

great care of and humanity to his sable passengers. Voyage after voyage he was awarded the Government premium of £100 for the good condition he landed his negroes in, and the very few deaths that occurred in the passage across the Atlantic. At the ports on the African coast he was a great favourite with all the natives, and a personal friend of many of the kings.

In those days the seas were swarming with privateers, and it was his misfortune in 1794 A.D., when in the English Channel, homeward bound, to be picked up, and overcome after a hard fight, by a large French ship, *Le Robuste*, mounting 24 guns, 12-pounders, and with a crew of 150 men. Captain Crow had only thirty-five of a crew, but he fought for two hours, till his rigging was cut to pieces and many of his men disabled.

He and his crew were taken prisoners and carried to L'Orient, where, and at Quimper, forty miles inland, they were confined and most cruelly treated. This was the period of the Great Revolution, and the French were exercising the worst side of their characters. Voltaire, it will be remembered, said a Frenchman was one half tiger and the other half monkey; at this time the tiger was the predominant factor.

In May of the following year Crow effected his escape, and after many adventures and hardships, succeeded in reaching England, and made the best of his way to Liverpool to get another ship.

In July, 1798 A.D., he was appointed to the command of a fine new ship of 300 tons, belonging to

Mr. William Aspinal of Liverpool, and named after himself the *Will*, and this time he was better prepared to meet the Frenchmen, for the *Will* carried eighteen 6-pounders and fifty men.

He made a very prosperous voyage both for his owner and himself, and in addition to the Government bounty for landing his negroes in good condition, there was a large profit on the trading that voyage, on which he had a liberal commission.

One day when dining in Liverpool with Mr. Aspinal, a Mr. Hodson, a merchant also in the Guinea Coast trade was present, who observed in course of conversation :

'I give my captains very long and explicit instructions, yet they can hardly make any money for us. What kind of instructions do you give your captains?'

'That depends on who they are,' replied Aspinal. 'Here, with Captain Crow, I took him yesterday to Beats' Hotel, where we had a pint of wine together, and then I told him, "Crow, mind your eye!" Quite enough for him.'

'Ah!' said Hodson, 'I notice Captain Crow has only one eye.'

'True!' replied Mr. Aspinal, 'but that's a *piercer*.'

In 1800 A.D., still in command of the *Will*, Captain Crow was in the latitude of Tobago and off St. Vincent, on February 21, when the word was passed from the masthead that two brigs were in sight standing to the northward. One of them tacked and stood for the *Will*. Crow kept his course, but cleared for action, trusting, if the enemy was strong, to make a

running fight of it. She soon showed herself to be a large armed vessel, with ten ports aside, and her decks were crowded with men. The second vessel was a brig, her prize.

The Frenchman came up athwart the bows of the *Will* and gave two broadsides. He then shot close up to the English ship's starboard quarter, and with a loud yell the word was given to board. At this moment Crow returned his fire with compound interest; his guns were well loaded with his favourite charge of roundshot and broken-up copper-dross, a most destructive compound of missiles, and he gave the enemy such a dose in his next broadside, that all idea of boarding evaporated from Monsieur's mind, and he sheered off to continue the fight at a greater distance.

After fighting for two hours at long bowls, the Frenchman ventured up a second time, and, hailing in good English, ordered Crow to strike his colours or he would sink him. Crow replied defiantly that he scorned his threat, and that rather than strike to a beggarly Frenchman, he would sink with all hands. This so exasperated the French captain that, after dancing on the deck, he snatched a musket out of a man's hand and fired straight at Crow, as straight as he could fire, but missed him. Another yell came from the Frenchman's deck, and another attempt was made to board. Just as he was nearing the *Will*, Crow put his helm a starboard and away the brig shot ahead, and in doing so carried away the *Will's* flying jibboom and its rigging.

Before the enemy could recover himself Crow's men poured three broadsides into his larboard quarter, producing much havoc and confusion among his men. The French at that time had a clumsy and dangerous custom of loading their guns from outside the vessel, and the *Will's* crew saw several of the poor fellows fall overboard as they were wounded.

Master Crapaud had by this time had enough, and not only did not attempt to board, but sheered off altogether, after an action of nine hours, leaving the *Will* victorious, but sadly disabled.

All her topgallant-masts were shot away, sails cut to ribbons, and topmasts wounded badly; three shots were in the mainmast and four in the mizzen-mast; the main-crosstrees shot away and other damage done. One of the enemy's roundshot—a nine-pounder—went into the men's quarters below and wounded twelve black slaves, two of whom died next day. Another shot had entered the starboard bow gun port, wounded three men and dismounted the gun.

As soon as Captain Crow had finally beaten off the enemy, he went below into his cabin to thank God for His goodness in giving him the victory. When the black women slaves, who were separated from the men, heard it was all over and that Captain Crow was safe, they came and gathered round him with tears in their eyes, and thanked their gods too. The officers and crew conducted themselves throughout with the greatest coolness. There was no confusion throughout the whole fight, for Crow had well trained both officers and men. One of them, a black man, was a most expert gunner.

Hugh Falconer,

[*To face p.* 160.

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In a few days the *Will* reached St. Vincent, where the ship was refitted. No sooner had he entered the port than eight British men-of-war boats boarded her and pressed the best part of her crew, taking them away. Such were the tender mercies of the law in those days of press-gangs.

Soon after the arrival of the *Will* at Liverpool, where the news of his gallant fight had made a great commotion, the underwriters of London presented Captain Crow with a piece of plate, valued at £200, bearing the following inscription:

'Presented by
the Underwriters of Lloyd's Coffee House
to CAPTAIN HUGH CROW,
for his Gallant Conduct
in defending the Ship *Will* against a French Privateer
on his Voyage from Africa
to the West Indies,
21 February, 1800.'

This presentation of the London underwriters stirred up the Liverpool people and caused them to remember a previous achievement of the gallant one-eyed commander, when he was lying with several other ships, some twenty sail, in Bonny River, and three large French frigates appeared off the mouth of the river. Had the French entered the port they could have captured all the ships one after the other; but Crow constituted himself an admiral, and pointing out to the other captains the position of affairs, induced them to follow him, and he led the whole fleet out to sea, and formed a regular line of battle in such formidable style that the Frenchmen hoisted

all sail and scuttled away as fast as the wind would take them. A finer piece of bluff has seldom been achieved.

The merchants and underwriters of Liverpool presented him with a handsome silver tray, with the following flattering address engraved upon it:

'This piece of Plate is Presented
by the
Merchants and Underwriters
of Liverpool
to CAPTAIN HUGH CROW, of the Ship *Will*,
in testimony
of the High Estimation
they have of his Meritorious Conduct
in the River Bonny,
on the Coast of Africa,
on the 16th of December, 1799,
when Menaced by
Three French Frigates.'

In the latter part of the year 1806 A.D., Captain Crow had the command, from the same owner, Mr. Aspinal, of a fine new ship, the *Mary*, in which he sailed on his usual voyage to the West Coast of Africa, with cargo to exchange for slaves to take to the West Indies. At this time the war with France was very hot, and her privateers were active all over the seas. Crow put the *Mary* into good fighting trim, practised her crew at the guns whenever weather permitted, and determined to fight his way across the Atlantic. He had the largest and most valuable cargo of slaves on board he had ever carried. Every preparation was made to give any enemy a hot reception, even to preparing a number of stone two-

gallon jars by loading them with gunpowder and broken copper-dross, with fuses, to be thrown from the tops on to the deck of any ship that might come alongside with the intention of boarding.

All went well till December 1, when, off Tobago, with a fine breeze and all sails set, the man at the masthead sung out there were two ships a long way ahead standing towards the *Mary*. These he naturally concluded were French cruisers from Cayenne. Crow took in his studding sails and stood on the opposite tack to avoid them. The other ships, observing this manœuvre, both tacked, and gave chase under all the canvas that would draw, and it was then seen they were two powerful ships of war. As night came on, with heavy squalls, Crow tacked again in hopes of getting out of their way, thinking they might separate in the darkness; and if he had to fight one at a time instead of both together, he did not fear, as he considered the *Mary* a match for any French privateer.

At 9 p.m. the look-out reported a sail to windward. The *Mary* tacked again to avoid her, but she followed her on. Seeing it would be a fight, and that he and his crew would have to stand to their guns, Crow called all hands to quarters and thus addressed them:

'Sailors and shipmates! You are aware that I have done everything in my power to keep clear of these Frenchmen, but all, as you observe, in vain. Your conduct on all occasions since we have been together has been noble and brave, worthy, indeed, of the high character of true British seamen, and I hope

and trust you will stand by me this night; for, rather than be taken and sent to a French prison, of which I had enough some years ago, I am fully determined to defend the ship to the last, and even to go down with her, sooner than strike.'

To a man they cheerfully expressed their willingness to stick to him to the last. Then Crow continued: 'Commend yourselves, my brave fellows, to the care of Providence. Let's have no cursing or swearing, but stand to your quarters; and such is my opinion of your abilities and courage that I have no doubt but that, should both ships attack us, we shall triumphantly beat them off. You know what those stone jars contain and how to use them, and woe be to them if they attempt to board us!'

It was not long before all doubt came to an end. The larger of the two ships came up astern and hailed the *Mary* to bring to. Crow knew too well the French cruisers had a trick of hailing ships in English, and so he calmly replied that he would not, and no one should bring him to in those seas in the night. The answer to this was two shots, and the *Mary* replied with one. In a few minutes the other ship loomed up out of the darkness. She also hailed the *Mary*, and came up close, when Crow perceived she was a large brig, which rounded to and poured a broadside into the *Mary*'s starboard quarter. Crow at once returned her fire at close quarters for some time. The brig then sheered off and took up her station at some distance off, and they fought till 10 p.m., when the other ship came up on the larboard

side, and both ships closed in and engaged Crow simultaneously.

The *Mary* and her crew had now got into a warm berth, but Captain Crow and his men were not dispirited. He animated his men by all the cheering language he could muster, giving first one and then another directions about elevating and directing the guns so that every shot might tell. While thus engaged Crow was struck by a splinter on the left arm, which staggered him at first and disabled him for some time, but he did not let any of the crew know he was hit for fear of disheartening them.

The fight proved hot and furious all round, and the cannon-balls of the enemy were whistling about in most unpleasant fashion. On looking round after one of their antagonists had fired her broadside, Crow saw the man at the wheel desert his post and run forward. He instantly sung out to him, 'What! is it possible that we have a coward on board the *Mary?*' The man felt the reproach keenly, and returned to his post, saying to his captain he hoped he would excuse his temporary alarm.

It was a strange thing, and Captain Crow wondered at it, that so few casualties had occurred among the men; but while he was looking round and congratulating himself at seeing so few men hurt, a large shot entered the bow port, taking off both the boatswain's legs at the thigh; another smashed into the men's room below and wounded a great number of the negro slaves, five of whom soon after died.

The cries of the dying and the wounded were now

pitiable, and the gallant Crow's feelings for them were mingled with a desire for revenge on the enemy. Several of the brave crew of the *Mary* were wounded, but though the vessel was between the fire of both ships, not one word of murmur was heard, and they continued blazing away with unabated animation. After having been engaged for six hours, Captain Crow had the satisfaction of seeing the larger ship back her topsails and drop astern.

He sung out to his men: 'I think, my brave fellows, we have sickened them both, and your names will be honourably mentioned by our friends in Liverpool, for your brave conduct in this action.'

The men, who had come aft to hear their captain's address, prepared to give him three cheers; but he stopped them, and desired they would all return to their quarters, fearing they might be attacked again. And so they were. Both ships returned to the fight, and the *Mary* engaged them tooth and nail, until the gray of the morning appeared, when, just as the first streaks of the coming daylight shone forth, a second splinter violently struck Crow on the side, and he fell senseless to the deck. The man at the helm saw him fall, and immediately sung out, 'The captain is killed!'

Brave as the crew had shown themselves, they now lost heart, and as Captain Crow recovered from the first shock of the blow, they left their quarters and crowded round him. One of the officers, in the name of his shipmates, addressed him: 'Captain Crow, you have done everything that a man could

do to defend his ship, and we are no longer in a state to continue the action. Our rigging is much cut up, and our hull so battered that the ship is making a deal of water.' Before Crow could recover breath to reply, the chief mate added, 'And, sir, we have struck the colours.'

These words affected poor Crow more than his wound, and raising himself on the deck, he besought them to hoist the flag again, return to quarters, and give them three or four more broadsides; for, said he, 'a chance shot will kill the devil; we may yet carry away one of their masts, and so turn the scale of the battle in our favour.'

The enemy continued their fire for some time, for they did not see the *Mary* had struck. The men carried the captain down to the cabin and laid him upon a mattress, and then collected their own clothes, expecting to be taken on board the victorious ships as prisoners of war.

When the boats of what they supposed to be their enemy came alongside to take possession of the *Mary*, what was the astonishment, not to say dismay, on both sides, to discover they had been fighting all night two English men-of-war—one the sloop *Dart*, carrying 30 guns, 32-pounders, and the other the *Wolverine*, carrying 18 guns, also 32-pounders.

When the grave mistake was explained on both sides, for each had taken the other for Frenchmen, the officers of the men-of-war were enthusiastic in their praise of the gallant fight of Captain Crow and his crew. They informed poor Crow that they took

him for a large French privateer of 36 guns that had long annoyed the West India trade, for which they had been for some time on the look-out.

It turned out that the reason of the *Dart* having backed her topsails and dropped astern was that she had two guns dismounted, and she was, in fact, as severely mauled and knocked about as the *Mary*.

Crow rejoiced in his heart that they had never attempted to board him, as his explosive jars must have played havoc among the British sailors.

When daylight fully appeared, and it was seen how all three ships were cut up and damaged, both Captain Spear of the *Dart* and Captain Collier of the *Wolverine* were astonished to find that a Liverpool Guineaman could sustain a conflict for so long a time with so superior a force.

There was no Dutch courage about this affair, for Captain Crow, when giving his account of the fight to Mr. Aspinal, his owner, said : 'Not a man of them got a single glass of spirits from the afternoon previous to the action until it was all over ; nor did a murmur escape from any one of them on that account.'

The captain of the *Dart* presented Captain Crow with the following certificate :

'His Majesty's Sloop *Dart* at Sea,
'*Dec. 1st*, 1806.

'I do certify that Hugh Crow, commanding the ship *Mary*, of Liverpool, and last bound from the coast of Africa with slaves, defended his ship in a running action under the fire of His Majesty's sloop under my command, and also His Majesty's sloop

CAPTAIN CROW IN THE 'WILL' ENGAGING THE TWO BRITISH MEN-OF-WAR, 'DART' AND 'WOLVERINE,' DECEMBER 1, 1806.

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Wolverine, both carrying 32-pounders, from about 10 p.m. till near daylight the next morning, in a most gallant manner (supposing us French cruisers from Cayenne), and did not give up till his rigging and sails were nearly cut to pieces, and several of his people wounded.* Latitude 11° 27′ N.; longitude, 53° W.

'(Signed) JOSEPH SPEAR,
'Commander.'

It is remarkable that shortly before the *Mary* entered Kingston, Jamaica, a ship arrived there belonging to Liverpool called the *Hannah*. This vessel, while off Antigua in broad day, was hailed in English by a smart-looking brig, and ordered to lay to. The order was complied with, no doubt being entertained of her nationality. The *Hannah* was boarded and carried sword in hand by the Frenchmen before the crew discovered who they were. So much for placing any dependence upon the language a ship may use in hailing! Fortunately the *Hannah* was recaptured and taken with all her valuable cargo on board into port.

I think that in these two instances enough has been told to show that Captain Hugh Crow was a man that not only every Manxman, but every Britisher, whether hailing from England, Scotland, Ireland or Wales, should be justly proud of. Thank goodness there are many more like him both afloat and on shore!

Captain Crow continued at sea for some years after, and then retired with a good competence to spend the evening of his life in his native Mona.

* Six of the number died afterwards.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONSTITUTION AND LAWS OF THE ISLE OF MAN—THE HOUSE OF KEYS—REFORM OF THE ELECTORATE AND ESTABLISHMENT OF VOTE BY BALLOT — THE REFORMED HOUSE OF KEYS—GOVERNOR SIR HENRY B. LOCH—THE IMPROVEMENTS CARRIED OUT BY HIM—RAILWAYS—LOCH PARADE—NEW PIERS AND BREAKWATER—CEREMONY OF PROCLAMATION OF LAWS AT TYNWALD HILL.

THE constitution and laws of the Isle of Man are the next, and not the least interesting, subject to be brought before the reader's attention. Of the former he will have pretty well gathered a good idea from the history already given.

An eminent Manx lawyer has written as follows:

'The Isle of Man having an autonomy separable from the Imperial Parliament, may safely pioneer the path of progress by augmenting legislative improvements rather than slavishly following its Imperial neighbours, and may thus fill a place of honour and usefulness quite proper to its central position and ancestral dignity, but out of all proportion to its size and population.'

The constitution of Mona is virtually the same, in principle, as that founded by King Orry nearly *a thousand years ago*, and Manxmen are only too proud, and very justly so, of having the oldest Constitution in existence, ever to consent to its being very materially changed; and they take good care not to jeopardize its continuance by making themselves a danger or a nuisance to their neighbours.

Like as the willow bends to the blast, but resumes its former position when the storm has passed, so the Manx Legislature appears to have adopted a policy in effect the same.

The oath that every official has taken from time immemorial to maintain the ancient laws and customs unimpaired—in principle—and which they have always kept, has no doubt been the tiller and the needle by which they have steered their little vessel through many a political crisis.

The very unique and ancient constitution of the Isle of Man is beloved and highly prized by all Manxmen, and it is well worth keeping up as a curiosity of olden times. The place is so small that no possible harm can come of the inhabitants indulging in the full enjoyment of their Home Rule. The government of the island is no example or instance to be pointed to by the inhabitants of any other part of the United Kingdom as being one applicable to, and to be adopted by, them.

It is, in fact, simply nowadays a most interesting toy, too precious to be destroyed, and very well worth retaining, so long as it is not in any way a

nuisance or a danger to its surroundings ; but, should it ever become so, to be relentlessly squashed out of political existence at once, and the island joined on as an appendage to either Lancashire or Cumberland, and administered by county officials, a thing no more likely to happen than that the United Kingdom is to be divided up into a modern heptarchy, each part with separate interests, and ere long squabbling and fighting like so many cats and dogs. The Manx people are far too wise ever to invite such a catastrophe.

Some of the laws were, and in a few cases are now, somewhat despotic, even draconic. The kings and lords had full powers of life and death over their subjects. An instance of this was the sentencing of Illiam Dhôan by Charles, Earl of Derby, in spite of King Charles of England and all his powers.

So late as the first quarter of the present century no man could leave the island without a permit from the Lieutenant-Governor for the time being, and any owner or master of a ship or boat who carried a man away from the island without such permit or license was liable to a fine of £10.* The Governor or his officials had power also to prevent the landing of any person, and of expelling him from the island and shipping him away by the first vessel sailing, without any consideration of where he might wish to go, England, Ireland or Scotland. These laws, though still in force, have fallen into disuse.

* This permit could be obtained from any of the high bailiffs, who held them in blank already signed by the Governor, and charged a small fee, of course, in exchange for it.

Anyone not a native-born Manxman is subject to immediate arrest and imprisonment if he attempts to leave the island owing any money, however small the sum may be. In August of this year (1899) a Douglas hotel-keeper arrested a man who had walked off without settling his bill for himself and lady friend. He was taken to Castle Rushen and locked up in the same apartment that used to be the council-chamber of the celebrated Charlotte, Countess of Derby.

Like the British Constitution, that of Mona has three estates: the Queen, or Lady of Man, represented by her Lieutenant-Governor; Lords or Upper House, by its Council; and the Commons, by the House of Keys.

The Lieutenant-Governor is Chief Magistrate, President of the Council and of the Tynwald Court, Commander-in-Chief of whatever military forces there may be on the island, and also Chancellor. Through him and his secretary all communications between the Insular Parliament and the Imperial Parliament and Government take place through the medium of the Secretary of State for the Home Department at Westminster.

The Council, or Upper House, consists of the Bishop, Archdeacon, Attorney-General, Receiver-General, the two Deemsters or Judges, the Vicar-General, and the Clerk of the Rolls, over whom the Lieutenant-Governor presides.

The whole island is divided into ten electoral districts, comprising the six sheadings of Garf, Ayre, Michael, Rushen, Middle, and Glenfaba, and the

four towns of Douglas, Castletown, Ramsey, and Peel.

The four southern sheadings return three members each, the two northern ones two each, the town of Douglas five, Castletown, Ramsey, and Peel one each, making twenty-four members in all.

The most important and successful Governor the island has ever had since the purchase of the island from the Duke of Athol was Sir Henry Brougham Loch, the present Lord Loch, who was appointed by that excellent judge of character, Lord Palmerston.

Sir Henry Loch, in 1866 A.D., carried through the Keys the great Reform Bill, by which the election of members was restored to the people, inhabitants and householders of the Isle of Man. Prior to 1430 A.D. the Keys were always chosen by the people; but at that time the election became a sort of close family affair.

When a vacancy occurred, two names were chosen by the members themselves, without any reference to the *vox populi*, whose names were submitted to the King or Governor, as the case might be, and he appointed one of them.

Now, under Lord Loch's Reform Act the members are elected by the people—householders, residents on the island—by ballot, precisely as members are elected to the British House of Commons; and the elections take place every seven years, at the expiration of which time the House dies out, and a new election takes place.

Thirteen members form a House or quorum at

a sitting of the Keys. The Speaker is elected after each General Election by the members, as at Westminster. The office is entirely honorary, and he receives no salary. The clerk's stipend of £30 a year, together with the cost of stationery, is paid out of the tax levied on the licensing of public-houses.

At the same time that the free election of the Keys was restored to the people, the judicial powers of the House of Keys were abolished, and all legal matters confined to the Law Courts, under the two Deemsters and the several High Bailiffs of Douglas, Castletown, Ramsey, and Peel; but appeals can be made from any of their decisions to the full Court of Tynwald.

Other reforms were introduced and carried by Governor Loch, and now the duties on wines, spirits, and other excisable goods, are the same in the island as in England. Consequently there is not the slightest inducement for any contraband trading. Smuggling, as far as Mona is concerned, is a lost art; it does not pay.

As important fiscal or other changes are made in the laws of the United Kingdom, the House of Keys, by way of echo, generally pass similar Bills if they affect the island in any way; but none of the old laws affecting land or other property have been, or are likely to be, altered or meddled with; and the Manx people are not liable for any income tax or stamp duties, except postage.

Lord Loch was ever ready to give a helping hand

to improvements or reforms, while at the same time ruling with a firm hand. Under his government vast improvements were inaugurated, and in many instances completely carried out in the harbours of the island.

The new piers and breakwater, as well as the magnificent Loch Parade along the shores of Douglas Bay, will be a lasting memorial of him.

To his efforts, in conjunction with the late Duke of Sutherland and the late Sir John Pender, the successful carrying out of the first railways between Douglas, Peel, Castletown, and Port Erin, as well as the electric telegraph between Port-e-Vullian, in Ramsey Bay and the Coast of England, are due.

His career since he left the island, first as Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests at Whitehall, then as Governor of Victoria (Australia), and afterwards the Cape of Good Hope, has still further confirmed the wisdom of Lord Palmerston's selection of him as a man to be relied upon to rule wisely and firmly. Probably had he remained a few years longer in South Africa, things there might have been very different to what they are now.

In some matters the Reformed House of Keys have gone ahead of the Imperial Legislature. Among other things they have granted the franchise to women. Up to the present time, the fair or weaker (?) sex have used their powers discreetly, and given no symptoms of abusing them. From the fact that the Act for this purpose, after passing the Manx Legislature, had to receive the Royal

HENRY BROUGHAM LOCH (BARON LOCH), P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.,
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE OF MAN
1863 TO 1882.

[*To face p.* 176.

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Assent before it actually became law, the women of Great Britain may take heart to persevere in their efforts to attain other privileges for themselves. All in good time!

The House of Keys acts in every way as does the English House of Commons. A Bill can be brought in by any single member after giving due notice; or may originate with the Governor and Council; or may be introduced by the House of Keys itself. No peculiar privilege is claimed by the House of Keys with respect to any money Bill or levying of taxes, as is the case with the British House of Commons.

A Bill is discussed, and unless thrown out by an adverse majority, is read three times, passes committee, and is then sent to the Upper House or Council, where it is again discussed; and if passed, is sent to the Governor, who forwards it, through the Home Secretary, to the Imperial Parliament to obtain the Royal Assent. The Queen alone has the power of veto.

No Act, however, is law in the Isle of Man until it has been again passed in a full Court of Tynwald after it has received the Royal Assent at Westminster.

The Court of Tynwald consists of the general assemblage of all the three estates—Governor, who presides, Council, and Keys.

The Governor can summon a Court of Tynwald whenever he thinks fit, and no Court can be summoned or assemble without his orders and sanction.

At the Tynwald Court, after the Act has received the Royal Assent and been returned to the island, the new Act is read again before the people assembled, both in Manx and English, and all the officials sign it. From that date it comes into operation, and is a Statute Law of the land.

On July 6 (Old Midsummer Day) in every year the Governor holds a Grand Court at Tynwald Hill, in the parish of St. John, and a most curious and interesting ceremony it is.

The Tynwald Hill is situated close to the high-road between Douglas and Peel, as near as possible in the very centre of the island, and about 100 yards from the Church of St. John.

On the topmost of the round cheese or cake-like formations comprising it is erected a small round tent, with the flagstaff in the middle, from which the English flag floats with the Three Legs emblazoned on the red field.* Large crowds of the inhabitants and visitors to the island flock to the Tynwald meeting; it is a gala-day for everybody.

The ground is kept by the military, consisting generally of a company of infantry of the line, augmented of late years by a company of the Manx Rifle Volunteers. This is about the only day the regular soldiers do any special duty beyond mounting guard.

On all parties being assembled—and they come from every quarter of the island, travelling over all sorts of roads, across the mountains, and in all sorts

* This is now the Manx standard flag.

of conveyances, from railway carriages to farm-carts —a procession is formed, and all the officials march into church, where morning prayers are read.

After this the procession is again formed in much the following order:

The officer in command of the troops, carrying the sword of the Lord (in this present reign the *Lady*) of Man. Then follow the Governor, in his official uniform and cocked hat, with his secretary. Next in order comes the Bishop and all the clergy in full canonicals; then the two Deemsters and the other legal officials, the rear being brought up by the twenty-four members of the House of Keys, headed by the Speaker.

On silence being proclaimed and obtained, the Deemsters, one at a time, read out to the assembled people, in Manx and English, the various Acts that have been passed during the year, and declare in the name of Queen Victoria, the Lady of Man, that such an Act is law.

When all the Acts are read over the several parties again march into St. John's Church, where the Acts are signed by the different members of the Council and Keys, and handed to the Clerk of the Rolls for safe and official custody.

The Bishop then gives his benediction to the assembly, and all is over.

The several parties disperse. The various actors in this interesting and very ancient ceremony join their friends, who have been engaged in the arduous duty of looking on. Numerous picnic parties are

made up among the gentry, and they adjourn to the different beautiful spots in the neighbourhood, many well-filled hampers are unpacked, and they refresh and enjoy themselves.

The farmers, fishermen and working classes open a cattle and horse fair, which ends in a carouse and regular jollification all round, wherein a goodly crowd of the holiday visitors from Yorkshire, Lancashire and elsewhere participate.

Such is the Manx Tynwald Court, the great festival of the year, in the present day. It is the oldest constitutional act in the world, established very nearly a thousand years ago by King Orry, and is flourishing yet, under the sovereignty of our Empress-Queen Victoria.

GOD BLESS THE LADY OF MAN!

The meetings of the Keys and people have not always been held at the same spot. Records show that they have been held at several places.

In 1429 A.D. the Tynwald Court assembled at Keehill in Baldwin, near Douglas, and for a few years after at Castletown, on the ground outside Castle Rushen.

In 1442 A.D. the Hill Reneasling, or, as it is now better known, Cronk-Urleigh, at Kirk Michael, was selected; but in 1577 A.D. the present Tynwald Hill was formed of ground taken from all the parishes of the island, and has been used without hardly, if any, interruption ever since—over 300 years.

Directly any change is made in the Customs duties

in the Imperial Parliament a similar change is made, either of increase or decrease, as the case may be, in the Customs of the island.

Immediately the alteration was lately made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, by his Budget of this present year (1899), in the wine duties, a short Act was passed through the House of Keys assimilating the duties to be levied in the Isle of Man to those of the English Customs. No alterations are made under similar circumstances except in Customs duties. The English Parliament has no power of causing any other fiscal changes in Mona.

With the exception of postage stamps, income-tax, stamps of all kinds, and succession duties on the property of deceased residents in the island, are unknown there; all local taxes and rates of every description being levied and controlled entirely by the House of Keys, independent of the Crown and Parliament of England.

According to the official returns of the island revenue, receipts and expenditure, Manxland may be regarded as a perfectly solvent State.

The total revenue for the official year ending March 31, 1899, amounted to £78,121. Customs duties contributed to this £71,933; local taxation and other sources, the small amount of £6,188.

These figures show an increase of £1,116 on the total for the year 1897-98.

The total expenditure for all purposes was £72,425, being an increase of £1,499 on the year over that of

1897-98. The net indebtedness of the island amounts to £276,852. It will be seen that the increase of expenditure for the year has been greater than the increase of receipts by £383, and in order to provide a surplus in lieu of a deficit in his Budget, Lieutenant-Governor Lord Henniker, who is also Chancellor of the Exchequer of the island, has notified to the Tynwald Court that the grant that has been for some years expended on advertising the beauties and attractions of Mona will be for the present suspended. Whether this is a wise and prudent course is a question that time alone will solve.

If this will involve the shutting up of the London office in Ludgate Circus for a time, it will not be altogether an unmixed misfortune. One benefit may result in the disappearance of the burlesque display of three golden (?) legs, which are supposed by those who know no better to be the arms of the Isle of Man.

It is to be hoped that when the grant is renewed this may be rectified. At present there is a great doubt as to whether the extraordinary effigy that has for some time embellished (?) Ludgate Circus is intended to represent the arms of Sicily or the Isle of Man. In either case it is ridiculously incorrect.

CHAPTER XX.

LAND TENURE—SALE, TRANSFER AND MORTGAGE OF REAL PROPERTY—REGISTRATION OF DEEDS.

THE peculiar tenure of land in the island dates as far back as the return of King Godred Crovan, after the defeat of the combined forces of Tosti Godwinson and his Manx allies by Harold, King of England, in 1066 A.D., at Stamford Bridge, when, after putting down the rebellion of his own subjects, who opposed his landing on the island, he granted the Manx people all their lands, which they had forfeited by their rebellion, upon the condition that 'none of them or their descendants should ever presume to claim them as their *inheritance*, but hold them in perpetuity *under the King*.'

With the exception of one or two estates, which are termed baronies, all land and real property is still held under the Lord of Man in accordance with Godred Crovan's grant, and is subject to a certain small yearly rent and alienation fine, but is, nevertheless, virtually the same as freehold, to all intents and purposes.

The ownership of all real estate is registered in the office of the Seneschal at Douglas, and such registration is *de facto* the title to the same.

An estate may be transferred from one person to another at a very trifling cost and on a sheet of foolscap or teller-paper, no stamps being required, and only a small registration fee is payable to the Seneschal.

All deeds of transfer of real property, and all mortgages thereon, *must be recorded at once* at the Registrar of Deeds at the Seneschal's office, as also *must* all wills be recorded or registered.

In the case of mortgages the priority of registration takes precedence of date of all or any other deeds relating to the same property. Thus a second mortgage, if duly recorded on the Registry of Deeds prior to any first mortgage, if there be such a one, that has not been recorded, takes precedence and ranks as a first mortgage or charge on the property. In this respect the law is identical with that in England appertaining to the ownership of ships. The first mortgage deed or deed of sale of a ship or part of a ship recorded and registered at the Custom House takes precedence of any other, notwithstanding the other may be of prior date. Hence the necessity, both in relation to Manx real property and English shipping, of immediate registration of the deeds.

When the vendor or mortgager of real property is married, it is necessary to have the signature of the wife also to the deed, in addition to himself, in accordance with the law on this point instituted after

the Battle of Santroust, in Jurby, between Ottar and MacManus, by which one-half of all goods immovable, not having any life, are the property of the wives of the northern sheadings, and one-third of such the property of the wives of the southern sheadings.

The matter of registering change of ownership of property with the Seneschal is simply for the purpose of that official having a proper knowledge and record of the owners of property, so as to have the lord's trifling rent collected from them, and also the alienation fines. This has to be done at the Baron Courts held once a year.

The following is the Seneschal's notice of the holding of a Baron Court, as it appears in the *Isle of Man Times* newspaper for the year 1898 A.D.:

'BARON COURTS.

'I do hereby give notice that the COURTS BARON for the Parishes, Abbey Lands, and Baronies of this Isle will be held by me at the times and places undermentioned, viz.:

'The Parish of SANTON, at the Court House at Douglas, at the hour of 12 noon, on Saturday, April 16.

'The Barony of ST. TRINION'S at the Court House at Douglas, at the hour of 2.30 p.m., on Saturday, April 16.' (And so on for all the parishes of the island.)

'At which Courts all persons who have become entitled to Lands and Hereditaments within this Isle, by inheritance, purchase or otherwise, and who have hitherto neglected to cause themselves to be

entered on the Court Rolls as tenants to such premises, are strictly enjoined to attend, in order that they may be entered as tenants to the same, and avoid the penalties provided for such neglect.

'And Notice is further given that such persons who have acquired Lands and Hereditaments as aforesaid are required to lay all deeds or other evidences of their title before the Setting Quest of the Parish wherein such Lands and Hereditaments are situate, some days previous to the Court Day for the said Parish.

'The Moars and Setting Quests of the respective Parishes, and the Sergeants and Setting Quests of the respective Abbey Lands and Baronies above named, are hereby required to attend such Courts as appointed.

'Given at Douglas, this 1st day of March, 1898.

'GEORGE DRINKWATER, Seneschal.'

How glorious it would be if such a law of land tenure and registration of titles to real property, and facile transfer, could be brought about in Great Britain! Certainly the registration of mortgages would be a death-blow to a great deal of fraud.

Unfortunately such an importation of Manx law into England would not meet with the approval of the lawyers. Like Othello, 'their occupation would be gone.' If not the whole, certainly the greater and most profitable part would.

Still, even under this law Manx lawyers manage to live, and possibly English ones need not starve.

CHAPTER XXI.

RAILWAYS—MINES—DRIVE FROM DOUGLAS TO RAMSEY—VISIT OF PRINCE CONSORT TO RAMSEY, AND THE QUEEN TO RAMSEY BAY—FISHING IN SULBY RIVER AND OFF MAUGHOLD HEAD.

THE railways of Mona, with their narrow gauge and diminutive locomotives and carriages, attract the attention of visitors, accustomed to the large and powerful engines on the main lines of England, and are of the greatest convenience to the tourist desirous of 'doing' the island in a given short space of time; but to those who have plenty of time at their disposal, and who are desirous of seeing and enjoying all the beauties of the country, the road is by far the preferable route to be followed.

The new Electrical Railway from Douglas to Laxey and on to Ramsey, which is probably the most successful and important line yet constructed in the British Islands, will well repay the traveller desirous of experiencing one of the last new methods of locomotion, but does not afford the opportunities of seeing the beauties that a trap or cycle does.

Laxey and Ramsey will well repay for more than one visit, and both means—rail and road—may be profitably used in getting to and from there.

The ride by road from Douglas to Ramsey *viâ* Laxey is an exceedingly interesting one, giving beautiful views of both mountain and sea, and passing through a very varied country.

There are two roads from Douglas leading to the village of Onchan, and the main northern highroad to Laxey and Ramsey. One along the Loch Parade and shore of Douglas Bay necessitates the ascending of the steep hill of Burnt Mill. The other, from the higher part of the town *viâ* Buck's Road, passes Woodburn and Government House, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor; affords views of the Bay of Douglas, and is very picturesque, passing through a wooded valley, and crossing a little stream before debouching into the village of Onchan, where for many years the well-known parson John Howard presided over and ruled the parish as its equally loved and feared Vicar. From Onchan northward is one of the capital roads for which Mona's Isle is so justly celebrated. There are not, and never have been, any turnpikes or tolls upon any of the Manx highways, which are kept up by a small tax upon every wheel and shod hoof, together with a levy upon every male inhabitant of the island to give a day's work upon the repairs of the road, or its equivalent in money.

There is an amusing anomaly on this road that seldom fails to call forth remarks, more or less original and witty, from those who travel by it.

Some mile or so from Onchan, a public-house is seen on the left-hand side of the road, on the side of which is inscribed 'Half-way House to Laxey.' About a quarter of a mile further on is another road-side 'pub,' which in like manner is announced in large letters to be the Half-way House to Douglas. Which house is really half-way between the two towns is an open question for debate.

Between these two half-way landmarks and Laxey the traveller passes the celebrated Cloven Stones—ancient runic monuments, composed of three single stones of the indigenous clay-slate, of which the island principally consists.

An old legend states that Olaf the Black, one of the ancient Manx Kings, clove the larger stone in two with a single stroke of the great sword Macabuin, made by Loan Maclibhuin, the Dark Smith of Drontheim; and another old tale reports that when these two halves of the Cloven Stones *hear the cock crow*, they clap together with a loud noise like thunder.

The present road, which is of comparatively modern construction, diverges greatly from the straight line formerly followed by the old road, much to its improvement. The old highway can still be traced, descending the hill at a fearful gradient to the bottom of the valley, crossing the little stream by a narrow, now ruinous, bridge, and ascending the opposite side of the valley at an equally precipitous angle; abandoned shafts and other things, appertaining to disappointed hopes of mining fortunes, protrude themselves upon the landscape—

so many hideous monuments of so many ghastly failures.

After inspecting the great wheel and the washing-floors of Laxey Mine, the traveller, having refreshed both himself and his horse at one or other of the inns in the village, will pursue his journey northward towards Ramsey, ascending the fine new road before mentioned on the north side of Laxey Valley. Very near to the top of this road, where it turns and pursues a course along the coast, it will be well to stop for a few minutes to examine King Orry's rough runic monument, and to see the course of the old road, which here is to be seen climbing fearfully up from the old Laxey fishing village below, and, crossing what is now the new road, goes on still higher up the hill, almost as steep as before.

The new road, constructed many years ago under the supervision of Mr. Lamothe, goes round this hill along a course cut out of the face of the rock that overhangs the sea, affording beautiful sea views and glimpses of the wild, bold, rocky coast of the island. After some distance the road takes a sharp turn to the left, but at this part a new point of view is obtained overlooking the Dhoon Valley, the Barony, behind which lies Port Cornah, with the rising woods above; of Ballaskeg on the coast, and Ballaglass to the left.

The road is pretty level for some distance from here, till it winds round the eastern side of North Barrule Mountain in its approach towards Ramsey, when it makes a sharp ascent from the corner of the

by-road that branches off to Magher-e-Kew into the valley below, bearing the name of Lewaigne, for some centuries the residence of one of the numerous branches of the Christian family.

The by-road, which first of all descends somewhat sharply, leads through Ballajorra, and further on again rises, and after reaching the top of a hill passes the interesting Ruillick-ny-Quackeryn, the old burying-ground of the Manx Quakers.

Continuing the course of the main road, and leaving the road to Magher-e-Kew behind, the highest point of the highway is reached. Overlooking the stone wall on the right, Lewaigne House is seen, immediately below and partly hidden among the ash or rowan trees; and looking eastwards over these trees, the whole valley between Barrule and the headland of Maughold, with its little village, church and parsonage, lies spread like a map at the traveller's feet.

On the left is the wide expanse of Ramsey Bay, the full scope of which is hidden from view at this point by a spur of the mountain known as Slieu-Lewaigne, as is also the town of Ramsey itself. On the left of the view is the little Bay of Port-Lewaigne, with the Carrick Rock showing itself above water at low tide, a warning to mariners to give its vicinity a wide berth. Beyond this is another little bay, Port-e-Vullian, where the telegraph cable from England is landed on the island. From here the rocks rise rapidly to the precipitous headland of Maughold, named after the old pirate bishop and saint.

On the right of the landscape is the dangerous Port Mooar, south of Maughold Head, and facing the south-east. To anyone gazing over the panorama of the valley from Slieu-Lewaigne it will at once be seen that at one time—ages long passed away—the sea has flowed uninterruptedly from one of these ports or bays to the other, covering the greater part of the now fertile valley at his feet, leaving the towering headland, rising several hundred feet almost perpendicularly from the sea on its eastern face as a separate islet of itself, in like manner to the Calf of Man at the southern extremity of the island.

Turning to the left in a northerly direction, the road from this point rapidly descends, and after some little distance, when the spur of the mountain is quite passed, the whole of Ramsey Bay comes into view, ranging from Maughold Head to the Point of Ayre.

Far away over the clear green sea are seen in fine weather to the eastwards the lofty hills of Cumberland; and to the north over the low land of the Northern Coast of Ayre and the Solway Firth the peaks of the Land o' Cakes are visible. The channel between the Point of Ayre and Kirkcudbrightshire is the narrowest between the Isle of Man and the British shores.

The traveller, approaching Ramsey by this road for the first time, cannot fail to be struck with the different contour the country north of Barrule presents. With the mountain, the clay-slate, rocky

formation terminates. Northwards of the Sulby River, that falls into the sea at Ramsey Harbour, all is sand, a rolling expanse of low sandhills—a perfect contrast to the mountainous formation of the rest of the island.

Viewed from the road, as it descends towards the lovely Glen of Ballure and the seashore, the town of Ramsey and its surroundings form a charming landscape, with its small but commodious harbour.

If the visitor is fortunate enough to be at this spot during the rough season of the year, when a gale from the south or west is in full force, he will probably see safely anchored in the bay a fleet of perhaps between one and two hundred ships, of all nationalities, sorts and sizes, from the fishing luggers and nickies to the largest ships that traverse the ocean. It is a sheltered anchorage, well known and fully appreciated by all mariners whose courses lay through the Irish Sea.

On descending from the high lands, and before reaching Ramsey, there is to be seen a tall square tower surmounted by a flagstaff, standing on the spot where the late Prince Consort, the lamented husband of our widowed Queen, stood to view the prospect, and was erected as a memento of the royal visit.

Her Majesty's yacht, with the Queen and royal children on board, had put into Ramsey Bay on her way from Scotland, and Prince Albert paid a short visit to the little town—it was but a little town then

—and was taken up the spur of the mountain to view the country.

Before entering the town of Ramsey the road crosses the lovely Glen of Ballure, so celebrated for its variety of ferns and the reputation of being a favourite haunt of the fairies. Here on the road-side is the charming little house of Ballure which Mr. Hall Caine, in his novel 'The Manxman,' took the liberty of appropriating as the abode of the hero, Philip Christian. A very short drive further on, and Ramsey, in my humble opinion far and away the most desirable residential town in Mona, is reached.

Those who visit the Isle of Man to enjoy its pure air, charming walks, bathing and fishing, with lovely scenery, quietness and freedom from the rough gaiety —not to say rowdyism—of Douglas in the summer or holiday season, will find all they seek for at Ramsey. With Ramsey as headquarters—home—no more enjoyable place can be found, especially for a family. Now that the railways are not only in existence, but extending, all parts of the island can be reached from there, and after visiting them and enjoying the views and sights there to be found, a return home to quiet Ramsay can be accomplished without undue fatigue.

If theatres, music-halls, dancing saloons and gardens are what the visitor has come to Mona for, Douglas, situated on its lovely bay—a bay that is a miniature replica of that of Naples—is the place where all these will be found to his or her heart's content.

If, on the other hand, in addition to lovely walks and excellent bathing, good trout fishing in the river that falls into the harbour and deep-sea fishing are desired, Ramsey holds its own. The sea-fishing in Ramsey Bay off Maughold Head on a summer or autumn evening is not to be beaten even off the Cornish coast.

There is such a charming variety and uncertainty in the sea-fishing here—not uncertainty as to catching anything, but as to what will be caught. A bite is at the hook, the line hauled in, and it brings up maybe a whiting—ay, many of them are about here. Another bite; up comes a fair-sized cod, a flounder-ing skate or 'fluke,' *i.e.* plaice or turbot, maybe one of those lovely butterflies of the sea a bright-red gurnard, perhaps only a gray one. If it is a real Manx conger-eel, look out for squalls, as very possibly the brute, if a big one, may evince a disposition to want the whole boat to himself. You need not fear, the Manx boatman will show the novice how to deal with and handle him.

An old saying is 'as mute as a fish,' but some fish are not mute, and a gurnard as he lies at the bottom of the boat will growl and swear at you for catching him and taking him away from home. A herring utters a squeak on being taken out of the water, and conger-eels have been known to bark like a dog.

The glorious and exciting uncertainty of what a bite will reveal when the line is hauled in enhances the enjoyment of such fishing immensely. *Ver. sap.:*

Be sure and take a supply of 'prog' on board when embarking on a fishing trip to the shadow of Maughold Head, particularly if there are youngsters on board with you; the sea air hereabouts is invigorating, and appetites are caught as readily as fish.

CHAPTER XXII.

PRODUCTS AND INDUSTRIES.

MINING and the herring fishery are the two staple industries of the Manx people. By a return issued by the Home Secretary it appears that in the year 1898 no less than 3,948 tons of silver lead ore and 2,135 tons of zinc or blende (black jack) ore were raised in the Isle of Man. To obtain this metal, 6,083 tons in all, 590 men and women were employed, 357 underground and 233 on the surface above ground. This return shows that more lead and blende were raised in the little island of Ellan Vannin than in the whole of Scotland.

The mines of Foxdale and Laxey have yielded from time to time for many years immense quantities of argentiferous lead of a high class, at very good profits to the shareholders. The whole of the clay-slate formation is more or less impregnated with silver, and the lead ores of Foxdale and Laxey are far richer in that precious metal than any others found in the British Isles.

Twenty-six ounces of the white metal to the ton

of ore is what the best ore yields, but of late years the veins of ore have consisted more of blende or black jack than of lead, which costs just as much to get and prepare for market as argentiferous lead, but only realizes a very much lower price.

The success of these mines has induced the opening of a vast number of other mines, or rather holes in the ground, in hopes of finding lead, in several parts of the island, with a result far from encouraging or remunerative; indeed, it is quite an open question whether as much capital has not been absorbed and lost in prosecuting these unsuccessful ventures as has ever been won out of the two prosperous ones of Foxdale and Laxey. The lamentable and ghastly wrecks of abandoned mines in various parts of the island are but a sad testimony to this.

At any rate, the mining and the attempts at mining that are made from time to time by adventurous speculators have provided good wages for a considerable number of industrious and hardworking men for many years past.

The herring fishery has been from time immemorial a great source of prosperity to the Manx people. In olden times it provided a staple food for the inhabitants; and when intercourse with the surrounding countries of England, Wales and Ireland was regularly opened up, and markets for the disposal of their catches of the silver herring were available, a money return for their labour rewarded their exertions.

A vast number of Manxmen combine farming their

land with fishing the sea, each in its season, and so find profitable occupation the whole year round.

Farming in the Isle of Man has ever been a fairly profitable occupation, as is also the breeding of cattle and horses.

The immense concourse of visitors who go to the island in the summer months, *who must be fed*, creates, a very ready market for many products of both the land and sea, which is available to the cultivator of the soil and the fisherman alike.

In manufactures there is not so much employment either for capital or labour. Sail-cloth of the very best quality has ever been a well-known production; also to a limited extent, a fairly good homespun frieze or coarse cloth.

The bulk of the preserved potatoes for ships' use at sea is produced at Douglas, and has been for many years, ever since the process was discovered.

At one time, prior to the Free Trade legislation of Sir Robert Peel, in the early forties, when the import duty on timber from foreign countries into Great Britain was abolished, shipbuilding was an extensive and very lucrative industry. Timber was then imported from the Baltic, Canada and elsewhere into the Manx ports free of duty, and was there used in the construction of ships for Liverpool and other English owners. Although the timber could not have been imported into the British ports without payment of the duty, the ships built of the 'duty free' timber in the ports of the Isle of Man, principally Douglas and Ramsey, were admitted free,

without any unpleasant questions as to where the material came from, and were at once registered as British vessels.

Ships of considerable size—as ships went in those days—were built in the island and bore a high-class; for the Manx shipwrights had as good a reputation as Manx sailors. Since the repeal of the timber duty there is no advantage in building ships in Manxland, and the trade has died out. The fishing luggers and nickies that carry on the herring fisheries are still built in the island, and are celebrated as second to none that fly the British or, indeed, any other flag.

When the rule of the island became vested in the British Government, subject, of course, to the laws of the original Manx Constitution, by the transfer from the Duke of Athol, the old profitable contraband trade was played out and the bold smuggler had to seek other employment.

Fortunately for the Manx people, shortly after that time a vast change took place, through the introduction of steam navigation, which virtually drew the Isle of Man nearer to all the other British Islands.

The first tide of visitors to Mona's shores then began to set in, though very slowly at first; but it has so prodigiously grown that there is little doubt that the keeping of hotels, boarding-houses and 'apartments to let' forms now one of the most lucrative industries of the island. The following two extracts show very concisely how, from an almost infinitesimal beginning,

this trade—it is a trade, and nothing else—has increased, and to what a vast extent it has grown from the latter part of the eighteenth century to the present time.

In Hutchinson's 'Cumberland,' vol. ii., p. 83, is the following:

'The only packet boat employed by Government between Great Britain and the Isle of Man sails from Whitehaven and Douglas weekly. It was established in 1766. The packet is appointed to leave Whitehaven the first tide after the arrival of the Saturday's post from London, which is received on the Monday evening; is to remain two days in the port of Douglas, in the Isle of Man; and then make her passage to Whitehaven as speedily as circumstances will permit. *There are frequently from fifteen to twenty passengers weekly by this vessel, and sometimes a much greater number.*'

In a London daily paper of Tuesday, August 15, 1899 A.D., is the following paragraph:

'There is no abatement of the great invasion of Douglas by pleasure seekers. On Saturday some 16,000 persons arrived by steamers, while Sunday's arrivals numbered over 10,000. Those residents who depend on the visitors' traffic for a livelihood are having a glorious time. The Isle of Man Steam Packet Company (which at present runs two boats a day, to and from Douglas) announces that extra sailings will take place on Mondays and Wednesdays, when a steamer will leave at 12 midnight; on Fridays and Saturdays there will be extra sailings

from Liverpool at 5 p.m., at 12 midnight and 12.30 midnight respectively.'

How many of these went to stay any lengthened time, and how many were *trippers*, departing again by the midnight boat on Sunday, or rather, 12.5 a.m. on Monday, it is difficult to say; or what number brought their own 'nose-bags' with them, *i.e.* carried their provisions in a basket or red cotton handkerchief, calling only at the insular public-houses for liquid refreshment, is an unknown quantity, but it shows what vast changes have taken place in 133 years.

To the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company, and also to the Cunard Company, belongs the proud, and I believe unique, distinction of never having lost the life of a passenger at sea. Both companies have now been in constant service for over half a century.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CURRENCY AND BANKING LAWS AND REGULATIONS.

'TO coin and issue a currency for the country was doubtless a prerogative of the Sovereign; but his money, notwithstanding, had to receive the sanction of the Tynwald Court of supreme jurisdiction.'

In modern times, since the final revestment of the island in the Crown of Great Britain by sale from the Duke of Athol in 1825 A.D., the small currency has consisted of gold, silver and copper coins, issued from the Royal Mint at London; and the great bulk of the circulating medium consists of £1 notes issued by private bankers.

Prior to 1825 A.D. paper cards or tickets, stamped for 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. British, were legal currency, and were extensively circulated in place of silver coins of those values.

Copper pence and tokens were also issued; those of the Stanleys bore the Three Legs on one side, and on the reverse the Eagle and Child with the Stanley

motto *Sans changer*. The Duke of Athol stamped his copper coinage with the letter A, and a crown on the reverse.

Shortly after the accession of Queen Victoria there was a large issue of copper pence and half-pence with the Queen's head on one side and the Three Legs on the reverse. These, together with the issues of the Stanleys and Murrays, have long since disappeared, having been taken by English visitors and kept as mementoes and curios.

All these special issues of copper coins passed current in the island at the rate of thirteen pence or twenty-six halfpence to the English shilling.

A little prior to the time of Her Majesty's accession a mania took possession of the Manx people to plunge heavily into speculation by investing in the new Joint Stock Banks, two companies of which started in the island, and after a series of disasters and mismanagement they collapsed, spreading ruin throughout the island to all who unfortunately held shares; for there was no limitation to the individual liability of every shareholder for the whole debts of the company. Now, however, banking business is altered *in toto;* it is a fairly profitable investment of capital, and has for several years been well managed and carried on. The issue of local £1 notes by the banks is conducted in a very safe and peculiar way.

Any person or association of persons may start a bank; but without a license, which costs £20 a year, they cannot issue their own banknotes.

On obtaining such a license from the Governor

and Council, they are allowed to issue notes, of not a less sum than £1 each, on depositing in the hands of trustees, appointed by the Governor and Council, security to the amount of issue, which may consist of real or personal estate, or other security which can be conveyed, assigned or transferred by way of mortgage, as Consols or any other British Government securities, to the satisfaction of the said trustees.

An Act of Tynwald was promulgated on July 31, 1817, entitled 'An Act to Prevent the Negotiation of Promissory Notes and Inland Bills of Exchange within the said Isle under a Limited Sum'; and on October 25, 1836 A.D., after the final sale of the island in 1825 A.D., certain modifications were made in this Act by another Act of Tynwald, one of which is: 'That any Banker or Bankers who may be licensed as aforesaid shall be bound to take up all Notes or other negotiable Paper or Instruments whatever, made or issued by him or them within the same Isle by paying the full value in gold or silver coin of the legal currency of Great Britian or Promissory Notes of the Bank of England [banknotes], or by direct Bills of Exchange payable in London at a date not exceeding twenty-one days.'

The Acts of Tynwald very stringently protect the note-holder's interests by regulations as to the numbering of the notes, and providing that in the case of new notes being required to be issued to replace old notes worn out, due caution be taken that the old notes are delivered up and destroyed or cancelled in

presence of the trustees approved by the Governor and Council.

To meet the requirements of these stipulations all Manx notes bear upon their face the name of a London banker, who, on presentation of the notes, will pay the amount within a certain specified number of days, generally three, thus constituting them bills at sight drawn by the Manx banker upon the London bank.

It may be well here to mention that, with the exception of postage stamps for letters and payment for telegrams, no stamps are used, or necessary, either for receipts, bills or cheques. In the case of bills drawn in the island on England, they are treated as foreign drafts, and if negotiated in Great Britain or Ireland adhesive stamps are attached at the same rate and in like manner as if they were drawn from Paris, Timbuctoo or elsewhere.

This system of safeguarding the interests of the note-holders not only works well for them, but enables the banker to profitably carry on his business and to oblige his customers by advancing to them on mortgage or otherwise, assigning either their real estate or other security at a fair but good rate of interest; and by depositing the security received from his client with the Government, and obtaining authority to issue certain pieces of paper in the shape of £1 notes, the banker is enabled to recoup himself the major portion, if not the whole, of what he has advanced. It is quite possible his advance may have been made in his own notes; thus he receives interest on money

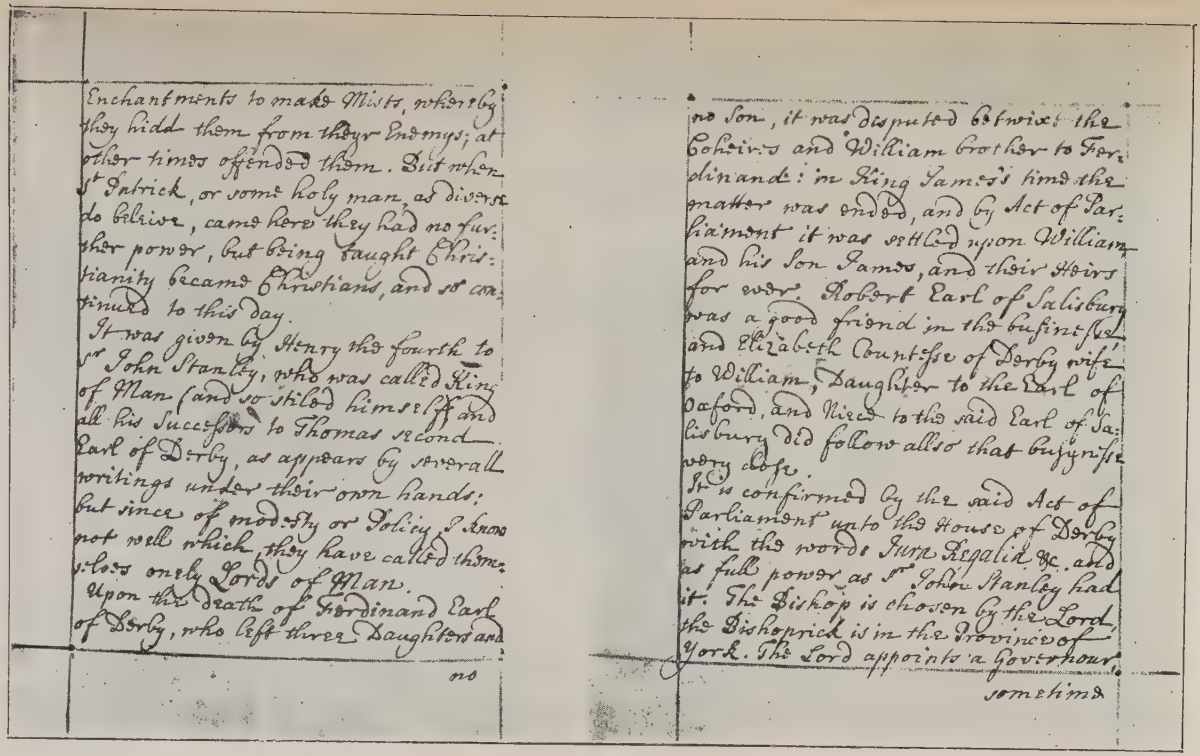
that he has actually manufactured himself, or his printer for him, and all this is done with perfect security to the public who take these bits of paper, these £1 notes, as there is good security against their issue, safe in the hands of the trustees of the Local Government authorities.

These Manx £1 notes, which are much more used by the public than golden sovereigns or half-sovereigns, wear a long time, some years in fact—unlike Bank of England notes, which are never issued a second time, but are cancelled on being paid in to the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, and new notes issued in their place as required.

Manx notes last for years, and by the time they have passed through a number of hands of people of all sorts and conditions—Laxey miners, whose wages are paid in them, Peel fishermen, who receive them in payment for their herrings—and they have travelled for a few years through a vast number of hands of these people and a vast number of times, they are far from being as clean or as legible as when they were *born* at the printers, and christened, on being numbered and receiving the signature of the bank cashier; far otherwise, for after many trips to Peel and Laxey, they have, in all probability, like Caliban, 'an ancient and a fish-like smell.'

It is an amusing sight to see a lady, with her delicate hand *très bien gantée*, fishing out a Manx banknote from her porte-monnaie. Ah, fair lady! that glove is needed, for if the statement in the *Lancet* be true that there is a fearsome danger of catching

infectious bacilli and microbes in the mere handling of copper coins and unwashed silver ones, or the Book that is handed to a witness in a court of justice, what must be the danger hanging about a Manx banknote of mature age, which without doubt is inhabited by whole colonies of those undesirable and newly-discovered creatures !



Enchantments to make Mists, whereby they hidd them from their Enemys; at other times offended them. But when St Patrick, or some holy man, as divers do believe, came here they had no further power, but being taught Christianity became Christians, and so continued to this day.

It was given by Henry the fourth to Sr John Stanley, who was called King of Man, and so stild himself and all his Successors to Thomas second Earl of Derby, as appears by severall writings under their own hands: but since of modesty or Policy I know not well which, they have called themselves only Lords of Man.

Upon the death of Ferdinand Earl of Derby, who left three Daughters and no Son, it was disputed betwixt the Cohoirs and William brother to Ferdinande: in King James's time the matter was ended, and by Act of Parliament it was settled upon William and his Son James, and their Heirs for ever. Robert Earl of Salisbury was a good friend in the business: and Elizabeth Countesse of Derby wife to William, Daughter to the Earl of Oxford, and Niece to the said Earl of Salisbury did follow allso that busyness very close.

It is confirmed by the said Act of Parliament unto the House of Derby with the words Jura Regalia &c. and as full power as Sr John Stanley had it. The Bishop is chosen by the Lord, the Bishopricke is in the Province of York. The Lord appoints a Governour

somtimes

THE HANDWRITING OF JAMES, SEVENTH AND GREAT EARL OF DERBY.

Photographed at Knowsley from two pages of a Manuscript Book detailing how the Isle of Man was given by Henry IV. of England to Sir John Stanley.

[*To face p.* 208.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE KINGS OF MONA.

	MANNANAN-BEG-MAC-Y-LIER.	From whom the island derives its name. Reputed to have been the son of Fergus II., King of Scotland, but disputed by some historians.
B.C.		
134.	Firman.	Son of Josuia.
A.D.		
63.	Mordanis.	Said by Capgravius to have been converted to Christianity.
227.	Cratilinth.	Archbishop Spotiswood states that he drove the Druid priests from the island, and erected a church for the preaching of Christianity.
517.	Maelgwyn.	Son of Caswallon-Lain-Lies, the first of the Welsh Kings of Man. The Welsh Kings ruled in the island till about

913 A.D., when the death took place of Ananrawm-ap-Roderic, Barred-o-Revan and Reginald-MacIvor, who were all slain in battle with the Danish Norsemen.

A.D.
520. It is related by one of the old historians that King Arthur, about the year 520 A.D., conquered the Isle of Man, but afterwards restored it to its native King, whom he subsequently made one of the Knights of the Round Table.

In those romantic days honour and glory were the sole objects of conquest, with men like the great King Arthur.

The name of the particular King of Man who suffered such punishment as being beaten in battle and afterwards the honour of being made a Knight of his conqueror's Round Table, has very unfortunately not been handed down to posterity.

57. Reginald Lodbrog. A noted Norse Viking; seized the northern portion of the island, and retained it for a time.

A.D.		
938.	Orry.	Gorree or Orry. The first Great King of Man. The founder of the House of Keys and of Constitutional Government. He died in 947 A.D.
947.	Guthred.	Son of Orry. He commenced the building of Castle Rushen, and died 960 A.D.
960.	Reginald II.	Son of Guthred. He had the reputation of being a magician.
965.	Olaf I.	Olaf or Olave, a son of Reginald. He was seized by Harold, King of Norway, in one of his piratical expeditions, and put to death.
974.	Hacon.	The first British Admiral, and one of the eight princes who rowed the state barge of Edgar, King of England, on the river Dee.
1030.	Snibue.	Son of Hacon, the 'Prince of the Seas.' He was killed in battle defending his territories from an attack by Trofine, Jarl or Earl of Orkney.
1040.	Harold I.	Son of Snibue.
1065.	Godred or Godard.	Son of Syrric. He was formally established King of the whole island after the death of Trofine, Jarl of Orkney.

A.D.		
1066.	Fingall.	A son of Godred.
1066.	Godred Crovan or Godfrey.	Son of Harold I. After the Battle of Ramsey he altered the land tenure, and since his time the land has been held direct from the Crown.
1082.	Lagman.	Eldest son of Godred Crovan. Was King of the Hebrides in 1065 A.D., and after his father's death was King of Man.
1089.	Dopnal.	Son of Tade, an Irishman. Ruled during the minority of Olaf or Olave, the third son of Godred Crovan.
1098.	Magnus Barefoot.	King of Norway. Overran the island, and ruled for a while till he was killed in battle on the coast of Ireland in 1102 A.D.
1102.	Lagman.	Returned to the island and abdicated in favour of his younger brother Olaf. Afterwards he went to the Crusades and died in Palestine.
1103.	Olaf, or Olave, the Black.	Third son of Godred Crovan. Died at Peel Castle, 1137 A.D. He was the possessor of the great sword Macabrim, that cut through stone or iron.

A.D.		
1144.	Godred.	Son of Olaf the Black.
1187.	Reginald III.	An illegitimate son of Godred.
1226.	Olaf.	The lawful son of Godred.
1239.	Reginald IV.	Son of Olaf.
1252.	Magnus.	Second son of Reginald IV., and the last King of Man of the line of Godred Crovan. He died at Castle Rushen 1265 A.D. without issue.

On the death of Magnus, King Alexander of Scotland took possession of the island, as related, till the King of England settled the disputes of succession by giving the kingdom of Man, first to Sir Simon de Montacute, and afterwards to his son, William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who was descended from one of the ancient Kings of Man; and to whom the King also gave Mary de Waldefeof (another descendant from one of the old Kings, and also a claimant to the throne of Man) in marriage, and so settled all dispute and controversy.

For a time Anthony Beck, Bishop of Durham, held the sovereign rights of Man, having become mortgagee of the island from Sir Simon de Montacute, as already related.

A.D.		
1344.	William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury,	and his wife Mary were crowned King and Queen in St. German's Cathedral, Peel Castle.

A.D.		
1395.	William-le-Scroop.	Afterwards created Earl of Wiltshire. Was beheaded for high treason against King Henry IV.
1399.	Henry Percy.	Earl of Northumberland, who was banished by King Henry IV.

Then commenced the rule of the Stanley family.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LORDS OF MAN.

THE reign of the Stanley dynasty as Kings or Lords of Man lasted from 1403 A.D. for over 360 years, and consisted of the following:

Sir John Stanley, Knight, Lieutenant of Ireland and Treasurer of the Household to King Henry IV. of England, the noted Bolingbroke, who presented him with the Isle of Man with all its rights, titles and emoluments, after the banishment and death of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who was slain at the Battle of Shrewsbury.

Sir John Stanley, Knight (second), his son.

Sir Henry Stanley, K.G., Lieutenant of Ireland and Lord Chamberlain to King Henry VI., who created him Lord Stanley and Man. He was created, first, Earl of Derby on the battle-field of Bosworth by King Henry VII., and after that was made a Knight of the Garter

and Constable of England. His third son, Lord George Stanley, became Lord Strange of Knockin, in right of his wife, but died during the lifetime of his father, in the thirteenth year of the reign of Henry VII., at Derby House, the London residence of the Stanley family at that time. Derby House is still in existence, and is now the Heralds' College of Arms in Queen Victoria Street. It formerly stood on St. Bernard's Hill, an out-of-the-way street, but the great improvements in the construction of Queen Victoria Street, that wide and busy thoroughfare from the Mansion House to Blackfriars, necessitated the demolition of a number of narrow and crooked lanes in London City, and so brought Heralds' College into the light of day. On one of the sides of the courtyard of this grand old remnant of the past are now to be seen the Three Legs, the arms of the Isle of Man, where they are a conspicuous object.

Thomas, second Earl of Derby, Lord Stanley, Strange, and of Man, succeeded his grandfather, the first Earl. He waived the title of King of Man and adopted that of Lord of the Isle of Man.*

Edward, third Earl of Derby, etc., son of Thomas.

Henry, fourth Earl of Derby, etc., son of Edward.

Ferdinand, fifth Earl of Derby, etc., son of Henry.

William, sixth Earl of Derby, etc., son of Henry,

* See his letter to his son, on page 39.

succeeded his brother Ferdinand, who died without male issue.

James, seventh and Great Earl of Derby, Lord Stanley, Strange and of Man, was taken prisoner after the Battle of Worcester by the Parliamentary troops, and executed at Bolton-le-Moor.

Charles, eighth Earl of Derby, etc., son of James, succeeded to the Isle of Man and the family estates in England (which had all been confiscated by the Lord Protector Cromwell) upon the restoration of the Monarchy in England, shortly after the death of Cromwell. It was Earl Charles who seized William Christian, brought him to trial and condemnation to be executed at Hango Hill, in so doing asserting and maintaining his right as Lord of Man, and his independence of Charles II., King of England.

William (second), ninth Earl, etc., succeeded his father Charles and died at Chester in 1702 A.D., leaving no issue.

James (second), tenth Earl, etc., succeeded his brother William, and died without male issue. The Isle of Man then reverted to the Duke of Athol in right of his wife, a daughter of the great Earl James and Charlotte de la Tremouille, his Countess.

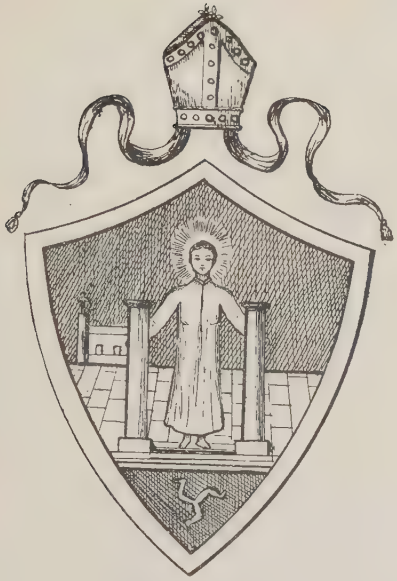
During the rule of the House of Stanley all its members performed their duties faithfully and liberally

to their Manx subjects. Indeed, they often found the Isle of Man, financially, a losing concern. It is recorded that their large estates in England enabled them to expend considerable sums of money for the protection and improvement of the country, and in building harbours for the accommodation of their insular subjects far beyond the revenue realized from the island itself, which they rightly considered their relations as feudal lords of the isle rendered it incumbent on them to do.

After that sorry day of the accession of the Athol family—the grasping Murrays—to the sovereignty of the island, very little in comparison was expended by them upon the defences of either the coast or harbours. The building of Mona Castle on the shore of Douglas Bay—a palace constructed solely for a personal residence of the reigning Duke—is almost, if not quite, the solitary exception.

Castle Rushen, and particularly Peel Castle with its cathedral, had nothing expended on them to keep them from decay, and subsequent to 1765 A.D., when the Murray rule—or misrule—began, the noble edifices on St. Patrick's Isle or Holm Peel fell into utter ruin, the state they are now in. Fortunately, Castle Rushen was so substantially built, and of such imperishable material, as to bid defiance to decay.

The Athol rule ended in 1825 A.D. *Te Deum Laudamus.*



SEAL OF THE BISHOPS OF SODOR AND MAN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BISHOPS OF MAN AND OF SODOR AND MAN.

A.D.

360. Amphibalus. Stated by some to have been a Bishop in the island at this time, but not authenticated.

447. St. Germanus. Was consecrated by St. Patrick. The cathedral on St. Patrick's Isle at Peel was named after and dedicated to him.

Conindrius and Romulus. Are stated to have been both consecrated by St. Patrick.

498. Marhiller, Machutus, or St. Maughold, the whilom Norse pirate. Came five years after the death of St. Patrick.

A.D.

N.D. St. Contentus.

N.D. St. Bladus.

600. Corranus. Was tutor to the first King of Scotland.

889. Torkinus; Boolewer; William.

No further dates or other particulars of Bishops till

1113. Wynnendus or Reymundus. The first Bishop consecrated after Sodor and Man was made a suffragan of the See of York, in the fifteenth year of the reign of Henry I., King of England.

1151. John. A monk; died 1203 A.D.

N.D. Gamaliel.

N.D. Reginald. A Norwegian.

N.D. Christian of Argyle or Archadiensis. Of Orkney.

1203. Nicholas de Meaux. Abbot of Furness. Buried in the monastery at Benshor in Ireland.

1217. Reginald. A nephew of King Olaf.

1230. John Archadiensis. He witnessed a deed of Walter Grey, Archbishop of York, 7 Cal. October (September 25), 1230 A.D.

1230. Simon of Argyle. Died 1249 A.D.

1249. Lawrence. Archdeacon of Man, succeeded Simon, and was drowned at sea in shipwreck. (The See was vacant two years.)

1257. Richard. He dedicated the church at Castletown in 1260 A.D.

1275. Mark of Galloway. He lived till August 24, 1296 A.D.

1305. Alan or Anastatius. Of Galloway. Appointed

to the See March 26, 1305 A.D.; died February 15, 1321 A.D., and was buried at Rothsay in Scotland.

A.D.

1321. Gilbert. A Scot of Galloway. Only sat as Bishop two years and a half, and was buried at Rothsay.

1324. Bernard de Linton. Abbot of Kylwyny Monastery in Scotland, and was buried there.

1328. Thomas. Died September 20, 1348 A.D. Buried at Scone in Scotland.

1348. William Russell. Many years Abbot of Rushen Monastery. He was consecrated at Avignon by Pope Clement VI. Died April 21, 1374 A.D., and was buried at Furness Abbey.

1374. John Dunkan. A Manxman.

1381. Robert Walby. Translated to Dublin in 1391 A.D.

(The See was again vacant for many years.)

1429. Richard Pully.

N.D. Andrew.

1448. John Grene or Spotton. Vicar of Dunchurch, Warwickshire.

1455. Thomas Barton.

1458. Thomas III. Abbot of Vale Royal Monastery.

1472. Angus. A Scotchman.

1480. Richard Oldham. Abbot of Chester.

1487. Huan Hesketh or Blacklend.

1510. Thomas Stanley. Rector of Wigan in Lancashire. He was deprived of his bishopric.

1545. Robert Farrer. Translated to St. David's.

A.D.

1546. Henry Man. Dean of Chester. Fellow of Corpus Christi, Oxford.

1556. Henry Stanley. Died 1558 A.D.

1559. John Salisbury. Dean of Norwich.

(The See was again vacant for three years.)

1573. James Stanley.

1575. John Merick. Vicar of Hornchurch, Essex. Fellow of New College, Oxford.

1599. George Lloyd.

Andrew or John Knox (?).

1604. John Phillips. Archdeacon of Cleveland and Man. Nominated by King James I. of England, January 29, 1604 A.D. Consecrated in Bishop of London's Chapel, February 10, 1605 A.D. Died 1633 A.D.

1633. William Forster. Prebendary of Chester. Confirmed in Bishop of Winchester's Chapel, Southwark, March 8, 1633 A.D., and consecrated next day. He declared his last will and testament by word of mouth, February 11, 1634 A.D., and letters of administration were granted October 3, 1635 A.D.

John Leslie (?).

1635. Richard Parr. Rector of Eccleston, Lancashire. Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. Consecrated in Bishop of Winchester's Chapel, Southwark, June 13, 1635 A.D.

(The See was vacant during the Commonwealth and till the restoration of Monarchy.)

A.D.

1661. Samuel Rutter. Archdeacon of Man.

1663. Isaac Barrow. Fellow of Eton College. Consecrated in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster, July 5, 1663 A.D. Translated in 1669 A.D. to St. Asaph, but held the See of Sodor and Man *in commendum* for two years, as well as St. Asaph. He was Fellow of St. Peter's College and a celebrated mathematician. He took an active part in the persecution of the Manx Quakers during his bishopric in the Isle of Man.

1671. Henry Bridgeman. Dean of Chester. Consecrated at Chester, October 1, 1671 A.D., and held his deanery *in commendum*, in addition to the See of Sodor and Man. Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. He was buried at Chester.

1682. John Lake. Archdeacon of Cleveland. Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. Translated to Bristol.

1684. Baptist Levinz. Prebendary of Winton. Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.

(The See was again vacant for five years.)

1697. Thomas Wilson. Trinity College, Dublin. Chaplain to the Earl of Derby, Lord of Man.

1755. Mark Hildersley. Vicar of Hitchin, Hertfordshire.

1773. Richard Richmond. Vicar of Walton-on-the-

A.D.

Hill, Lancashire. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

1780. George Mason.

1784. Claudius Cregan, M.A. Was the only Bishop of the Church of England who did not take his degree of Doctor of Divinity.

1813. The Hon. George Murray. Nephew of the Duke of Athol, Lord of the island. Was translated to the See of Rochester.

1827. William Ward. Died 1838 A.D.

1839. James Bowstead.

1840. Henry Pepys.

1841. Thomas Vowler Short.

1846. Walter Augustus Shirley.

1847. The Hon. Robert John Eden. During his bishopric he succeeded to the Barony of Auckland; and as Lord Auckland he voted in the House of Lords; the only Manx Bishop who ever did so. The Bishops of Sodor and Man have the right of seats in the House of Lords, but not of voting. Lord Auckland was afterwards translated to Bath and Wells.

1854. The Hon. Horatio Powys. Translated to the See of St. Asaph. Bishop Powys was descended from one of the old Welsh Kings of the Isle of Man.

1877. Rowley Hill.

1887. John Waring Bardesley.

1892. Norman Dumenil John Stratton.

APPENDIX.

ON October 5, 1666 A.D., they set sail again, and next day arrived at Newhaven, from whence William Callow went into Lancashire, and made application again to the Earl, but found no relief; wherefore he presented his case to the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) and to Prince Rupert, and obtained from the Prince his letter to the Earl of Derby, viz.:

'WHITEHALL,
'*December* 18, 1666.

'MY LORD,

'There is one William Callow, an ancient Tenant of your Lordship, in the Isle of Man, is now, it seems, turned Quaker, and for that reason banisht the Country; I am desired by another of that Profession, whom I knew to be a faithful and Loyal Subject to his Majesty in the time of the late War, to intreat with you for the said Callow, he assuring me that he is a quiet, inoffensive Person in every Thing, save in the matter of his Religion; and though I could not be an Advocate for any dangerous, unpeaceable Person, yet in such an Instance I am induced to give your Lordship this Trouble, the Man himself

appearing to me not likely to be dangerous, and also expressing with as much Respect and Reverence toward your Lordship, as his Profession will give him leave. If there be no more in it than being a Quaker, I do presume your Lordship may be inclined to restore him and his Family to their ancient Possessions, and that you may please to do so, is the Reason I give your Lordship this Trouble, who am

'Your Lordship's faithful Friend and Servant,

'RUPERT.'

To this letter of the Prince, the Earl returned the following answer, viz.:

'MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

'I had the Honour to receive a Letter from your Highness, by the Hands of a Manks Quaker, wherein your Highness is pleased to intimate your Command to me that he should be permitted to return to the Isle of Man, from whence he stands banished (with others, because they are Quakers) by the Laws of that Place. I make bold to inform your Highness that there is now in the Island, not One* Quaker or dissenting Person of any Persuasion from the Church of England, and I humbly conceive your Highness for that One Man's Concern would not have that place endangered to be infected with *Schism* or *Heresy*, which it might be liable to, if Quakers should be permitted to reside there. Having given your Highness this Account, I shall now detain your Highness no longer from your more serious Affairs. I shall only add that I am

'Your Highness's most humble Servant,

'DERBY.'

* This was a mistake, there being three women Quakers then in prison on the island, viz., Callow's wife and daughter, and Evan Christian's wife.

William Callow's Letter to the Earl of Derby (Charles, Eighth Earl).

'*To the Earl of Derby.*

'Having formerly shewed unto thee my Condition of Imprisonment and Banishment from thy Island (about three Years and three Months at Times) from my Wife and small Children, for Conscience Sake and though often with thee, could not have thy Order for my Return into the Island again; Therefore being in the North of England, and hearing that my Wife was in Prison, and had been a long time in the Winter Season of Frost and Snow, and by Reason of the Cold, and she being with Child and likely to die, I was persuaded to adventure to see her, although it should Cost me my Life, and the same Day that I came Home (when I found my Wife in a weak Condition) I was sent for to Prison by Order from the Bishop, and after Seven Days was put on board a Scotch Vessel, and sent to England. And now I appeal unto that God in thee, who will let thee see and know the Estate of my weak Family, who by Reason of my Banishment, and my Wife's Imprisonment (our Estates being seized on for thee) are much destroyed, and she and the Children likely to suffer for Want, well knowing that it is in thy Power to relieve us, and to restore me to them, that I may be helpful for their Relief; for if I have done any Thing worthy of Bonds or Imprisonment, let me suffer in my own Country, that we may suffer Want all together, if it must be so, I with them, and they with me, but rather that I may be helpful to them. These Things being but reasonable, and it being in thy power to grant these my Requests, I hope thou wilt not always harden thy Heart, as Pharaoh did against the Children of Israel, and would not let them go to their own Land, which the

Lord had given them, until the Lord by his Plagues and Judgments did force him to let them go; Though (for all my hard Usage) I do not desire that that should come upon thee, but knowing that the Lord is just, and will in his own Time hear the Cry of his Elect, and of the Widows, Fatherless and Orphans; And if that be the Fast which the Lord hath chosen to loose the Bands of Wickedness, to undo the heavy Burdens, and let the Oppressed go free, and to break every Yoke: And if it be acceptable to the Lord to Visit the Widows in their Distress, surely he will not take it well from thee, or those who make them Widows and Fatherless. So lest anything otherwise than that which is good should come upon thee, thou mayst in Time, before it be too late, prevent it, by granting our reasonable Request, by easing us that are oppressed under thee. So no more but that I wait for thy Answer, who am a Well-wisher to thee in Soul and Body, even thy everlasting Welfare.

'WILLIAM CALLOW.

'The 9th of the Seventh Month, 1667.'

The reply to this letter was, that if he would not conform, he should not go to poison the island.

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